

NET

P
3914

MAD's

Don Martin Cooks Up More Tales

451-P3914-060

A SIGNET BOOK • P3914 • 60c

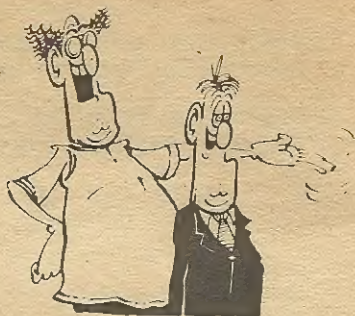
MAD's

Don Martin

Cooks Up More Tales



In this...
his fifth
book...



DON MARTIN COOKS UP MORE TALES

*...and includes
everything
from*



SOUP
...to
NUTS
(like you!)

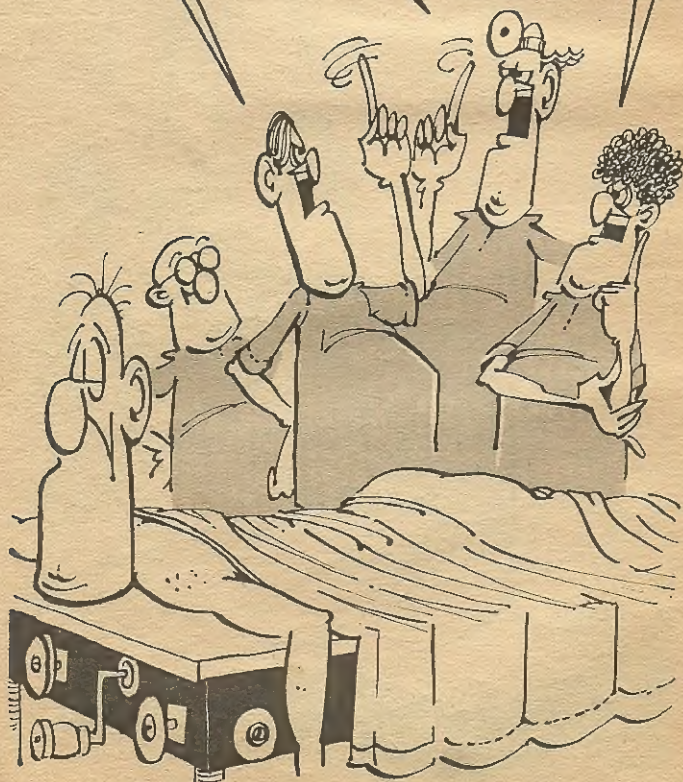
A BRAIN OPERATION



Well, there's no doubt about it . . . brain surgery is necessary! The question is:
how to make the proper incision!

Yes, that is
a problem!

How can we
possibly do it?



Gentlemen, gentlemen . . . I am surprised
at you! With all your knowledge,
brilliance and past experience, you
cannot see the answer to this written
right before your very eyes!

Hmmmmm . . .





TO OPEN

Insert thumb and
forefinger under
flap. Lift gently
and tear along
dotted line.

The HUNCHBACK Of Notre Dame



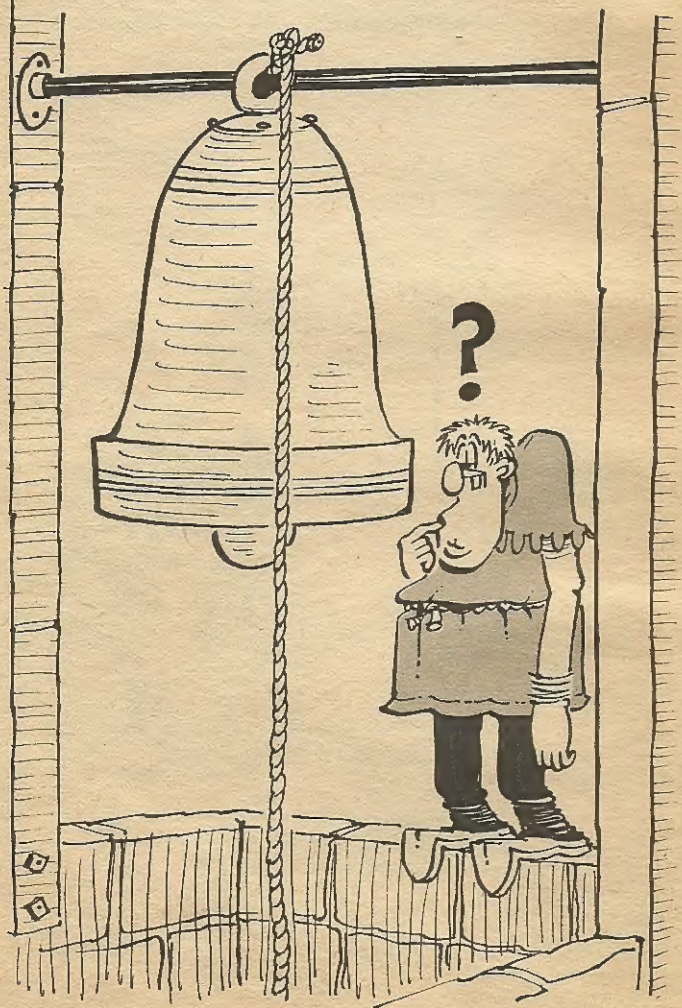
Our story starts on the side steps of the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, 1466. It was customary at the time for foundlings to be left on these steps and on this particular morning the young Monk Claude Frolo discovered, to his delight, a bouncing baby boy.

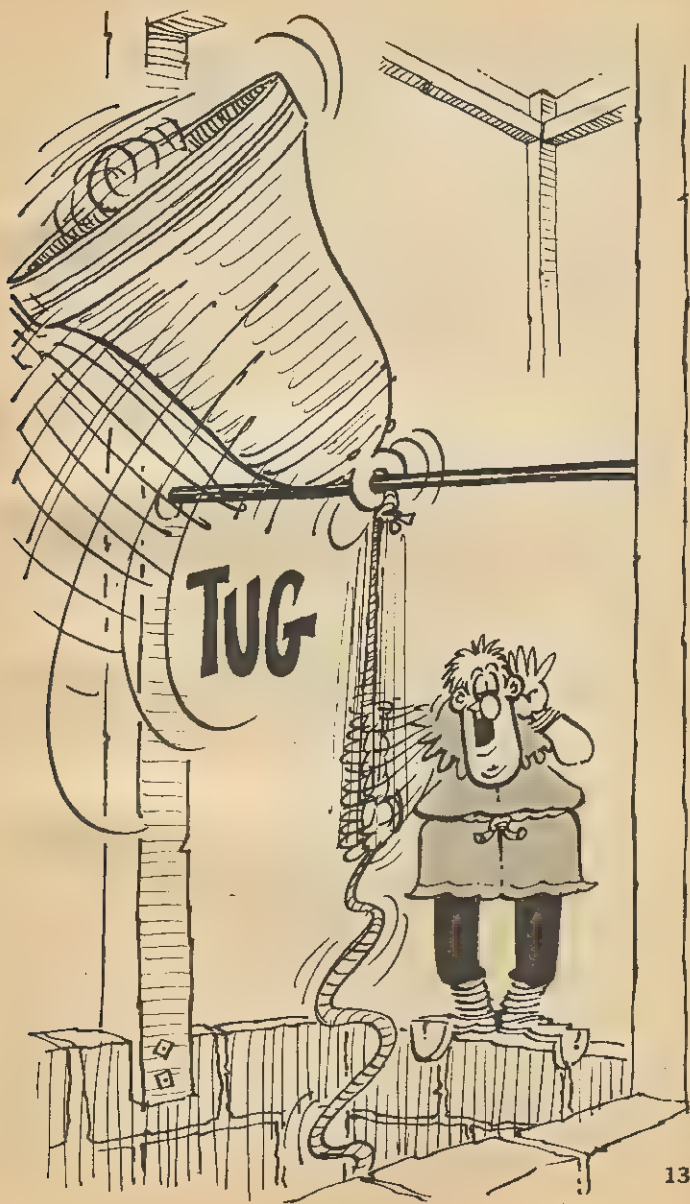


The boy was named Quasimodo and a place was made for him in the cellar of the cathedral. Though he was an extremely ugly creature, Claude Frollo was very fond of him and he was a great source of joy and amusement for the monk.



At the age of 14, the misshapen Quasimodo began to ring the bells in the cathedral tower. It was because of these huge bells that he broke his eardrums and became deaf.





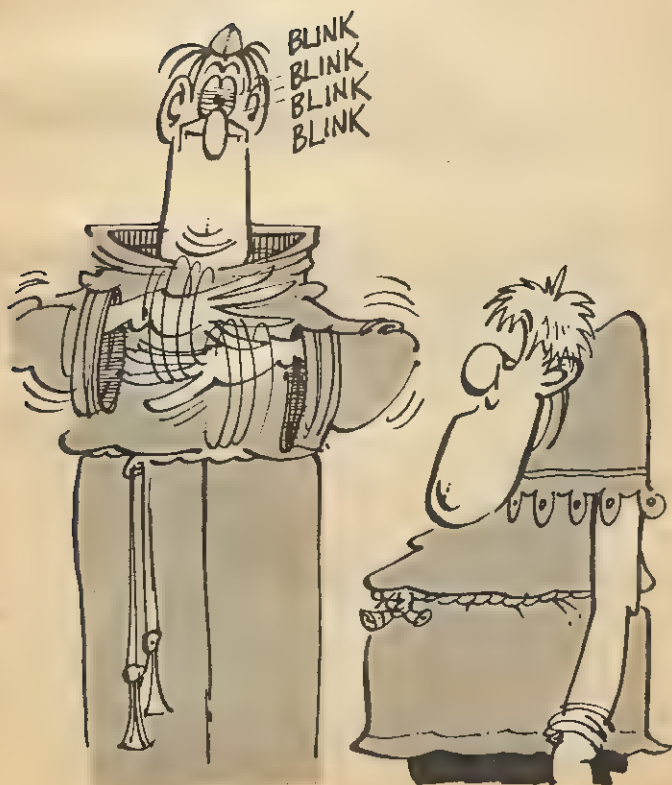
GONG



In the years that followed, Quasimodo and Claude Frollo became inseparable. They worked out a strange sign-language between them and were thus able to communicate with each other.











TRANSLATION:

That's a very severe tic you've developed, Claude Frollo.



One day, on one of his rare visits outside the cathedral, Quasimodo was fascinated by a trained goat dancing in the street with its apparent owner, a young Gypsy girl named Esmeralda.

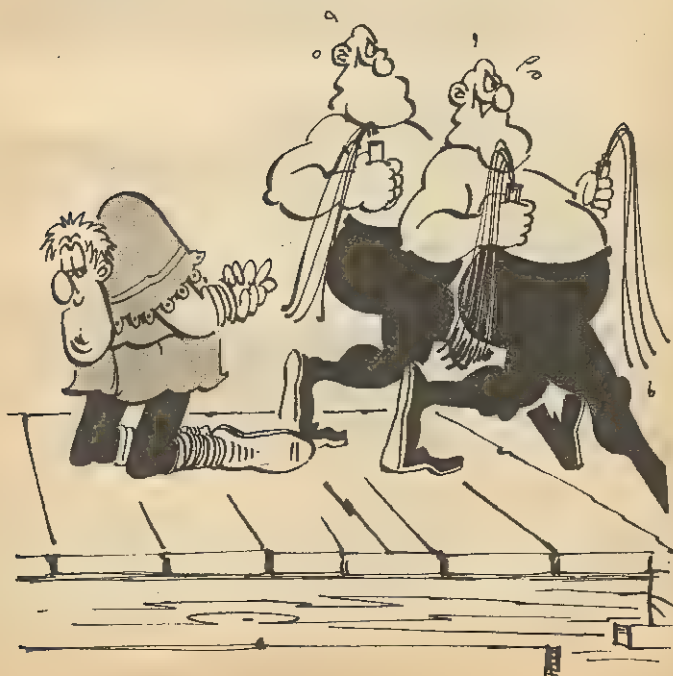
Gosh, Claude Frollo, isn't it cute the way its tail wiggles in time to the music?

Yes! And the goat is pretty good too!



Frollo became enchanted by Esmeralda, and ordered Quasimodo to kidnap her and bring her back to the cathedral. The poor hunchback was caught in the act and sentenced to be flogged in the public square.







Meanwhile, Esmeralda had been in love with a young soldier named Phoebus, which made Claude Frollo insane with jealousy. He murdered Phoebus and made it look like Esmeralda had done it. She was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. As the cart bearing Esmeralda made its way through the crowds to the gallows, Quasimodo's heart filled with tenderness and love . . . and a tear was seen to drop from his huge sad eye.



Then . . . with a muffled cry, he leaped from the crowd and with his mighty hand made a grab for the idol of his adoration.





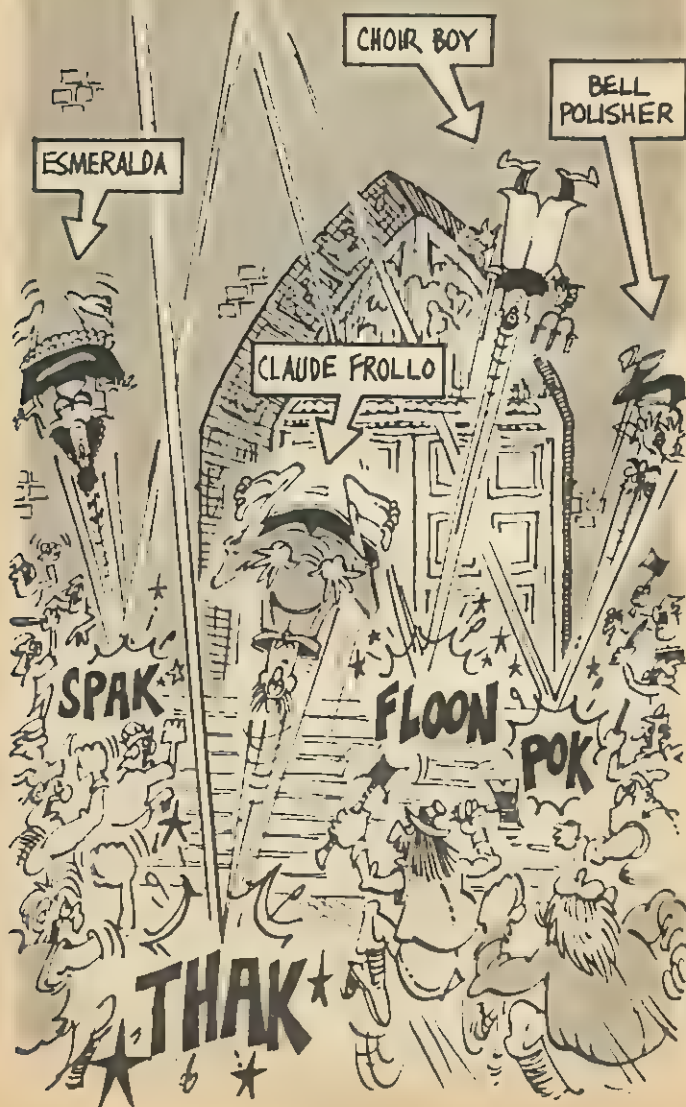
(later, he went back and got Esmeralda)

Later that night, a band of vagabonds stormed the cathedral in an attempt to kidnap Esmeralda. Quasimodo waited high up in the bell tower for the right moment. Then . . . as they approached the door far below he let loose a steady stream of molten lead upon them.

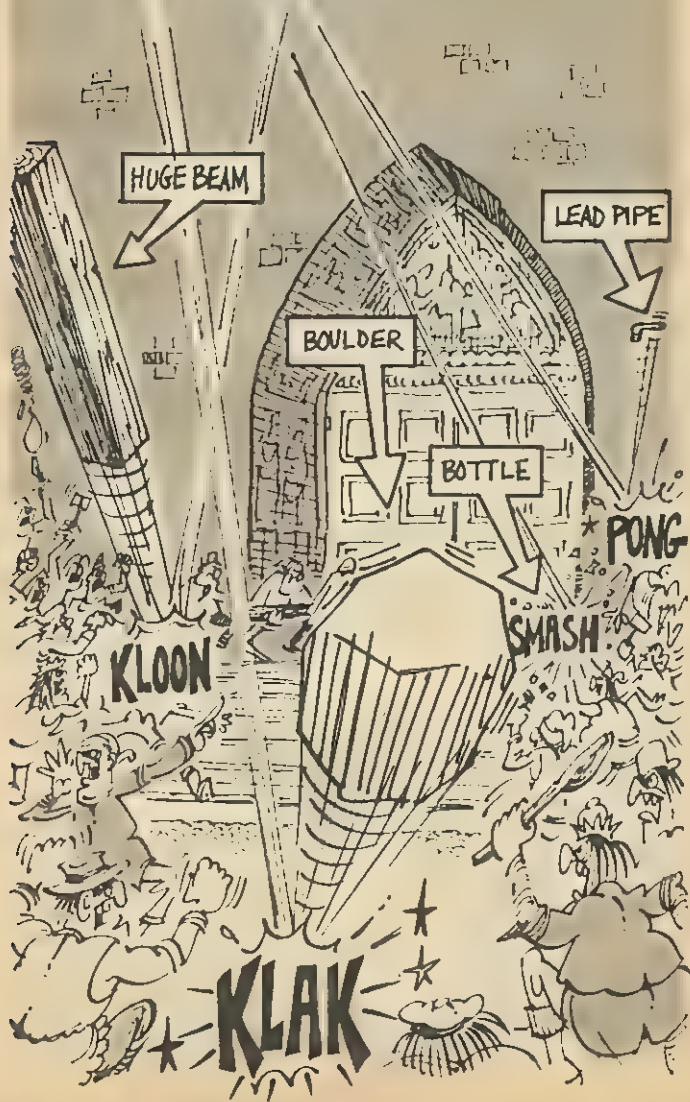
NO-NO!! You idiot!!! You're supposed to add the **HOT WATER first!!!**



... in short, he threw anything he could get his hands on.



The molten lead could not keep them away.
He began to shower them with huge beams,
boulders, bottles, lead pipes . . .



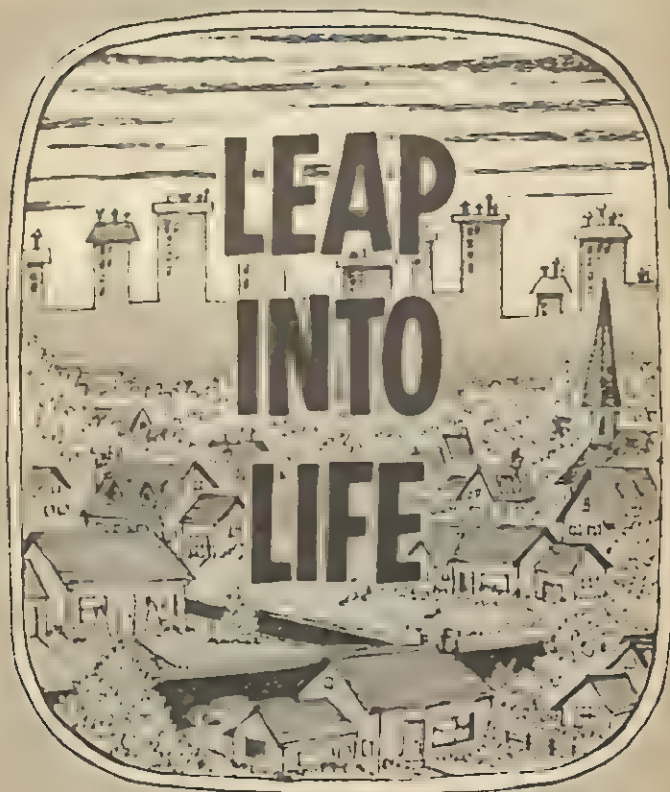
Realizing what he had done and the futility of it all, Quasimodo wiped one last tear from his tear-stained eye and departed from the bell tower forever.



He went to America and on to Hollywood where he became rich and famous for his leading role in "Phantom of the Opera".



AND NOW...
CHAPTER
FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY SEVEN
OF...



As you recall so far in our story nothing has happened. But now . . . in the living room of Martha Meddle . . . a guest arrives unexpectedly . . .

KKKSSH



Why it's . . .

Yes, I don't know how to
tell you this, but . . .

You don't mean to say . . .

I'm afraid that . . .

You didn't know that I . . .

Did you also know . . . ?

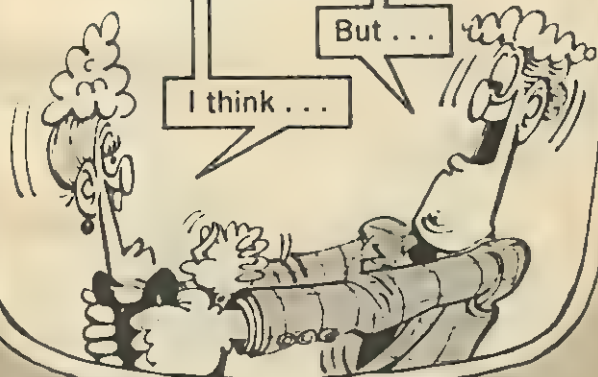
I suspected but . . .

Then should I . . . ?

I would rather you . . .

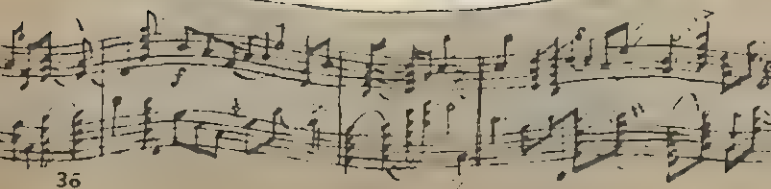
But . . .

I think . . .



Then . . . there's no
more to be said.

Except that I enjoy
talking to you **so** much.



LOVE IN THE JUNGLE



Get me something to eat!



BZZZZZ







Peel it.



CHAPTER
FIVE HUNDRED AND THREE
OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

Let us look once again into the patio of Lillian Lollian, as she talks with her husband, Axel...

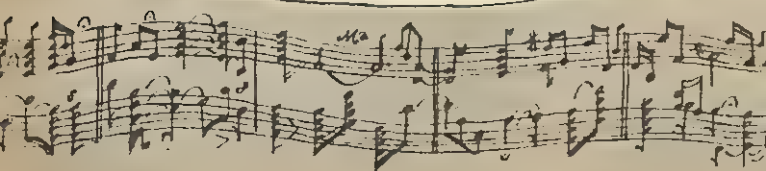
Who was that on the phone, dear?

Oh, that was just young Doctor Rodney.



Doctor **Rodney**?!? I thought
they took away his license
to practice medicine!

That's a **vicious lie!!!** Doctor
Rodney never had a license
to practice medicine!

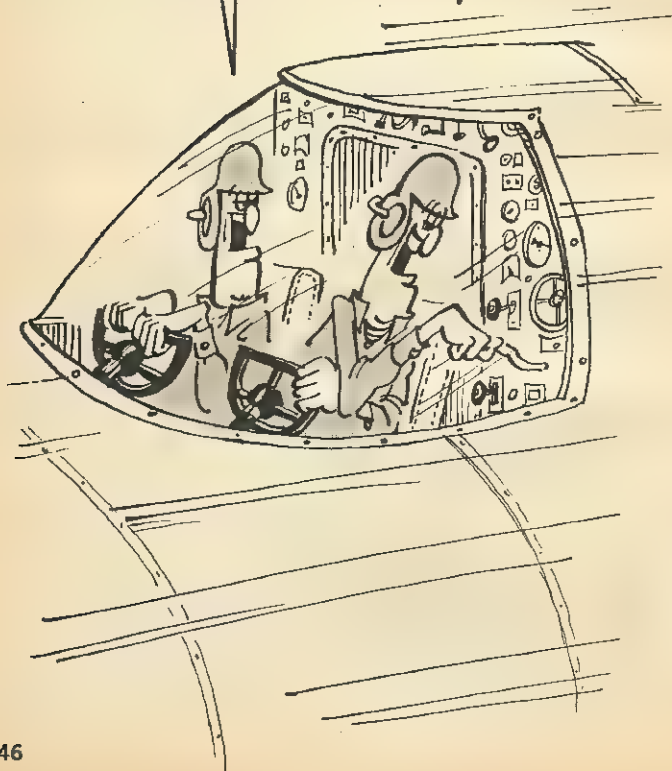


RESCUE SQUAD: CARIBBEAN

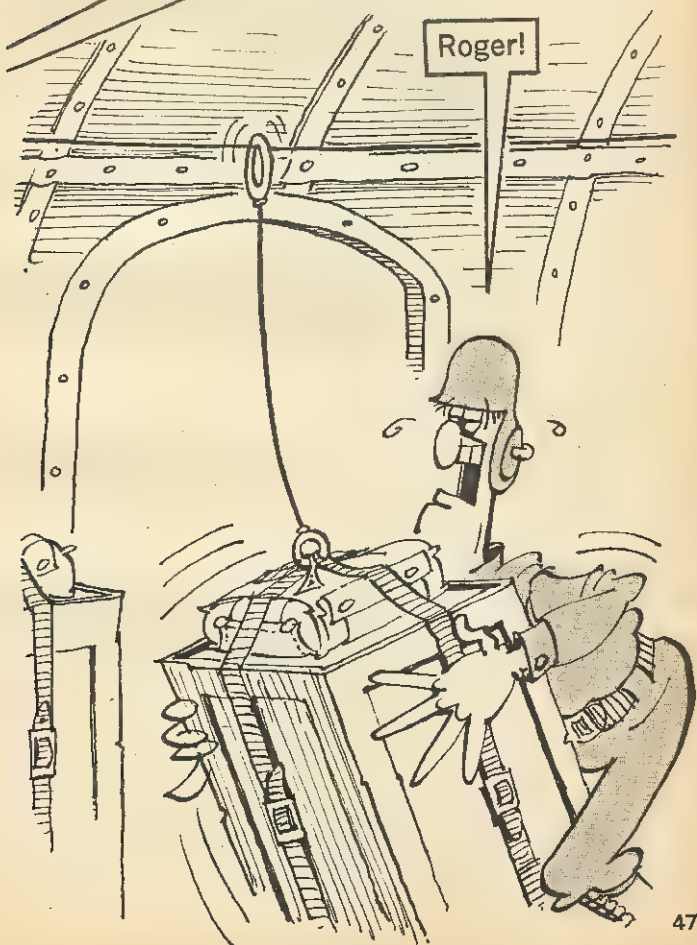


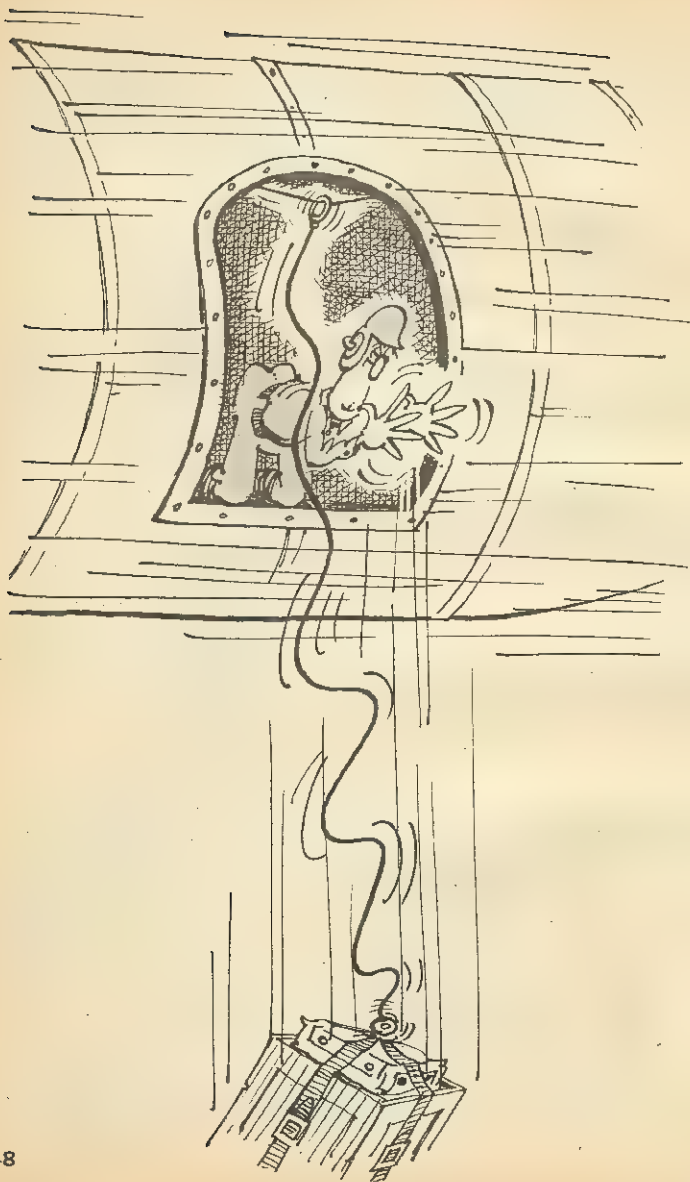
**There they are, Charlie! Open
the back door and make ready
to drop the rations!**

Roger!



Make this an **accurate shot**, Charlie!
They've been out there for **three weeks**
now, and probably don't have the **strength**
to **paddle** very far!

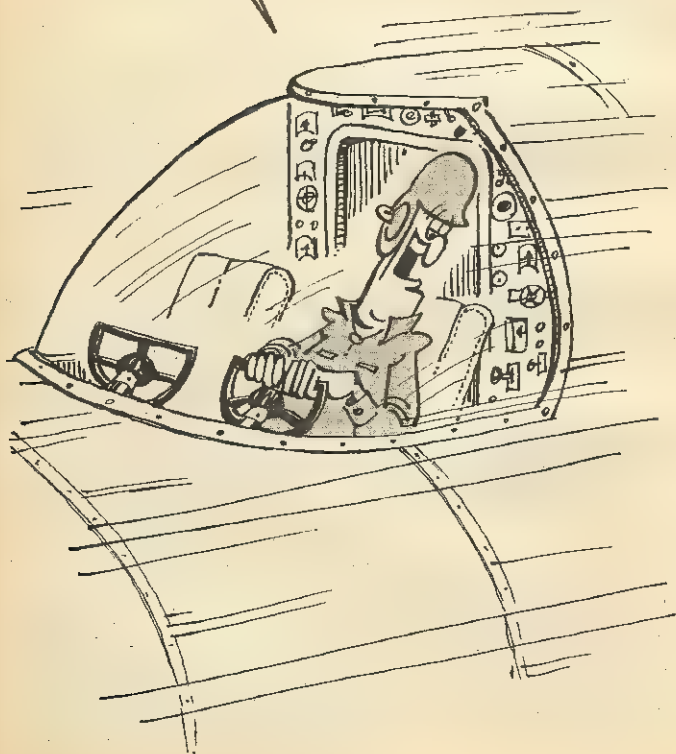




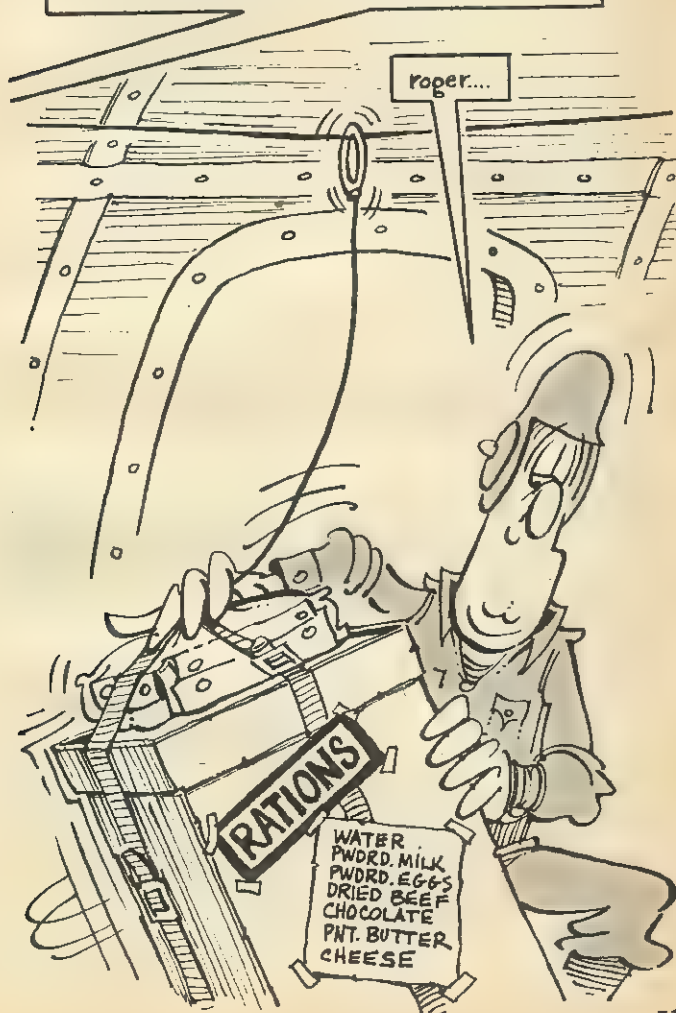


Good shot, Charlie! You may as well stay back there . . . we'll be making our **other drop in about five minutes! . . .**

Roger!



... All we have to do is drop that case
of rat poison to the village of Bueno
Funko and we're through for the day!

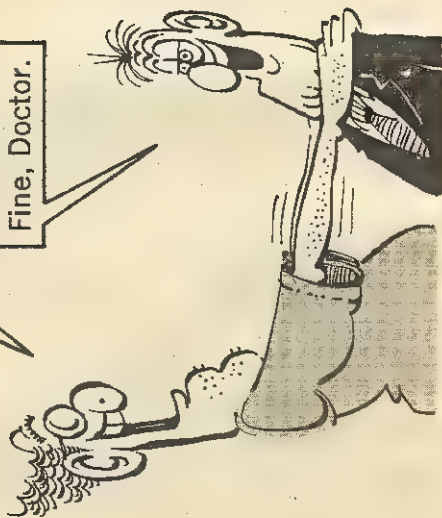


A VISIT TO THE OPTOMETRIST

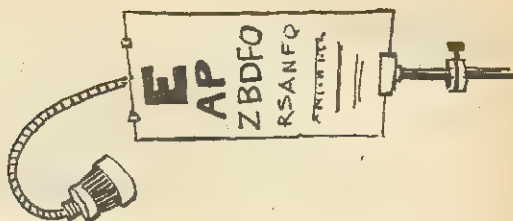
52

Well, Mr. Fonebone . . . You've had your contact lenses two weeks now . . . How do they feel?

Fine, Doctor.

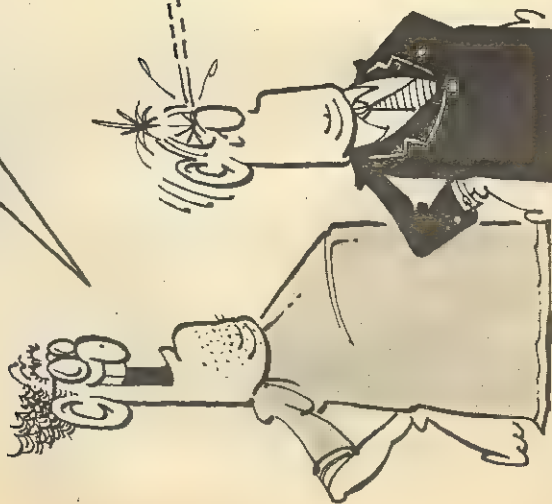


All right . . . let's see how well you can do with them.
First with your left eye and then with your right.



Wonderful!!! You're
coming along fine !!!

BLINK-DIT
BLINK-DAT



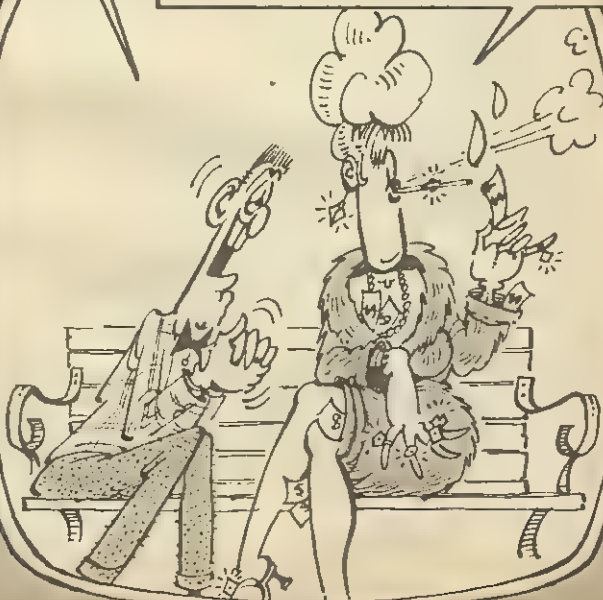
CHAPTER
FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY TWO
OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

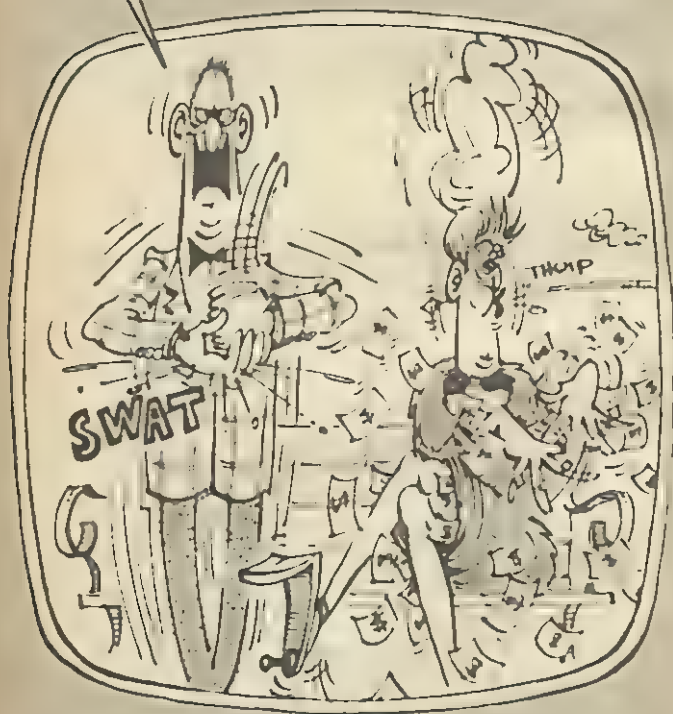
As we see Peter Poor talking to Reenie Rich...

Are you sure you want to marry me, Reenie? You're used to all the good things in life. Your family is so rich!

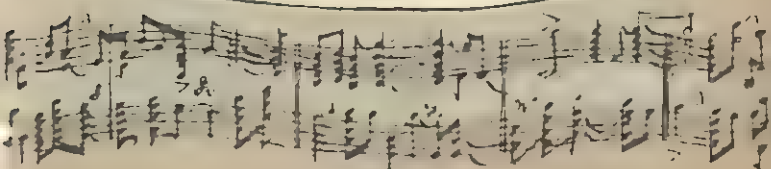
Their being rich means **nothing** to me! . . . Besides . . . Daddy might help us.



**No!!! That's one thing I won't stand for!!!
I don't want any help!!! I can make it on
my own!!! I have my principles!!!**



... He can buy us a house, a car or two,
make me **president** of his company and
give us some **stocks and bonds** but
THAT'S WHERE I DRAW THE LINE!!!

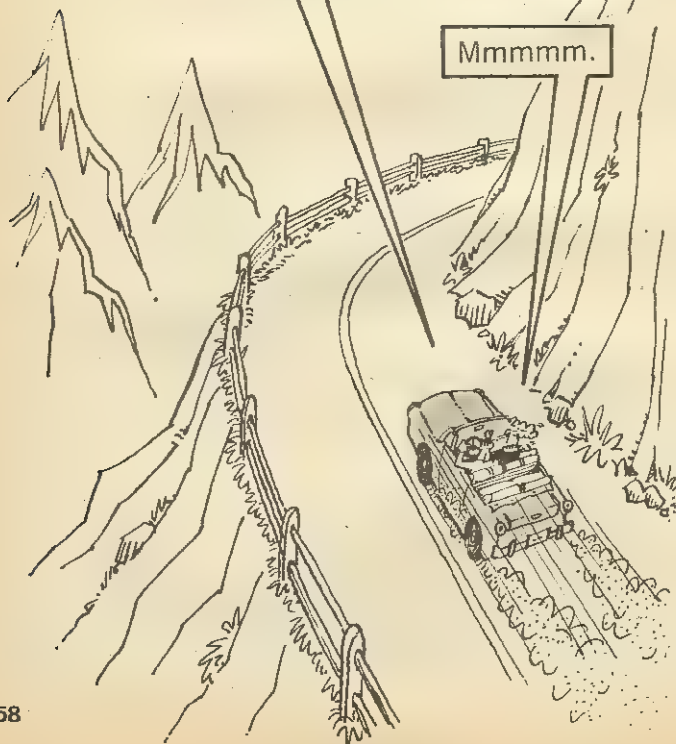


A DRIVE IN THE MOUNTAINS

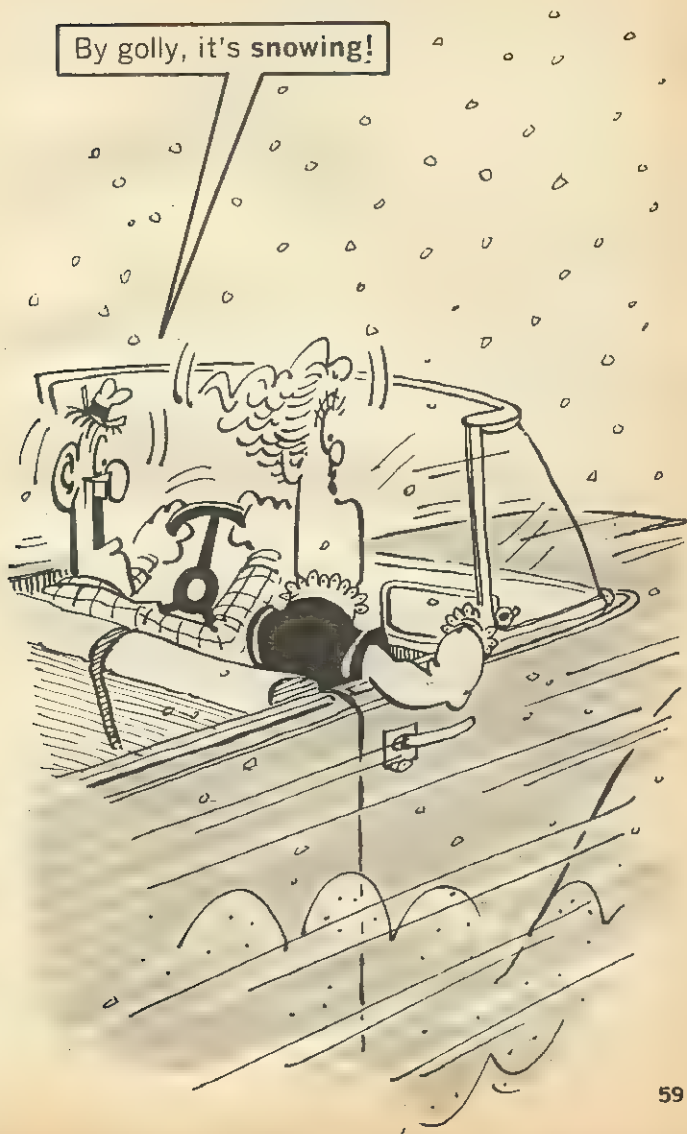


Ahh, but it's wonderful to take a summer's drive in the mountains.

Mmmmm.

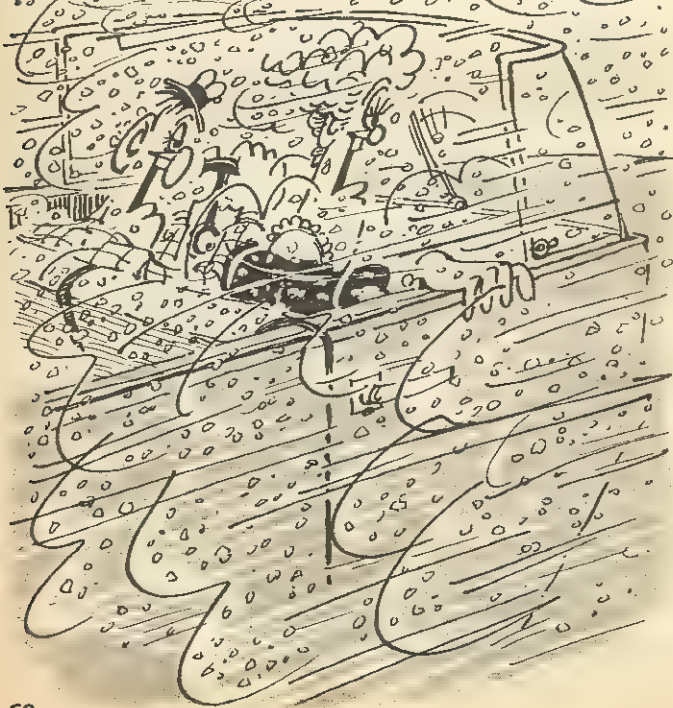


By golly, it's snowing!



This is the worst blizzard I've ever seen!
And in the middle of summer, too!!!

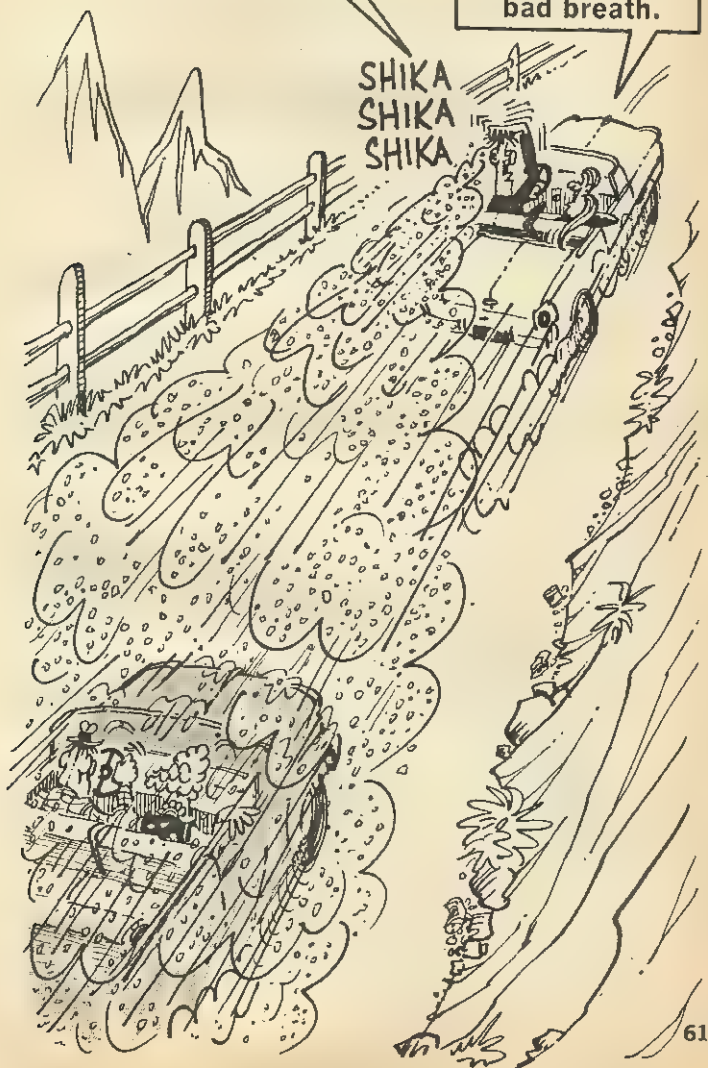
Gad!!!



I wonder why the boss never
invites me to lunch anymore?

Maybe you have
bad breath.

SHIKA
SHIKA
SHIKA



MAKING PEACE WITH THE INDIANS

Ah! . . . Me always glad to make-um peace
with white man. Now we gettum chance
to smoke **peace-pipe**!



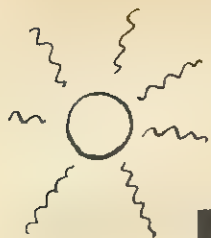




Heh-heh-heh . . . Seems I mislayum
peace-pipe. But we no worry . . .

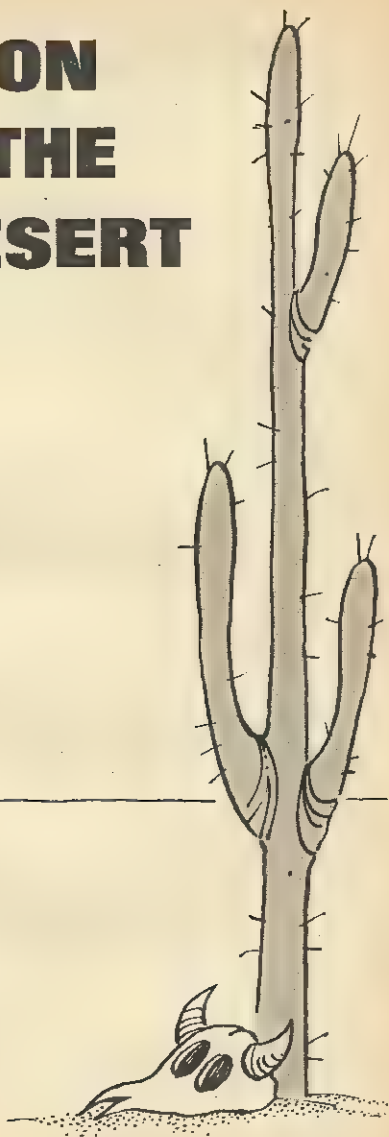


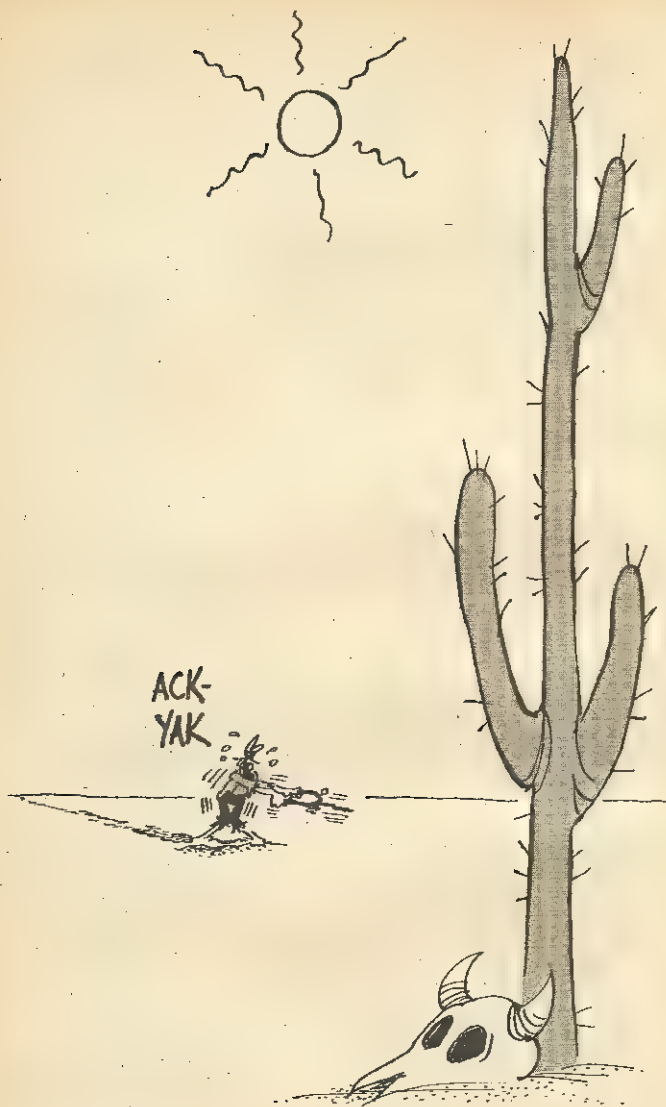




ON THE DESERT

HAK-
GASP

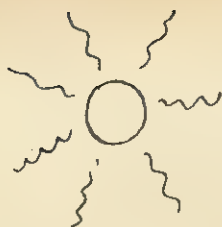












SHKLAP!

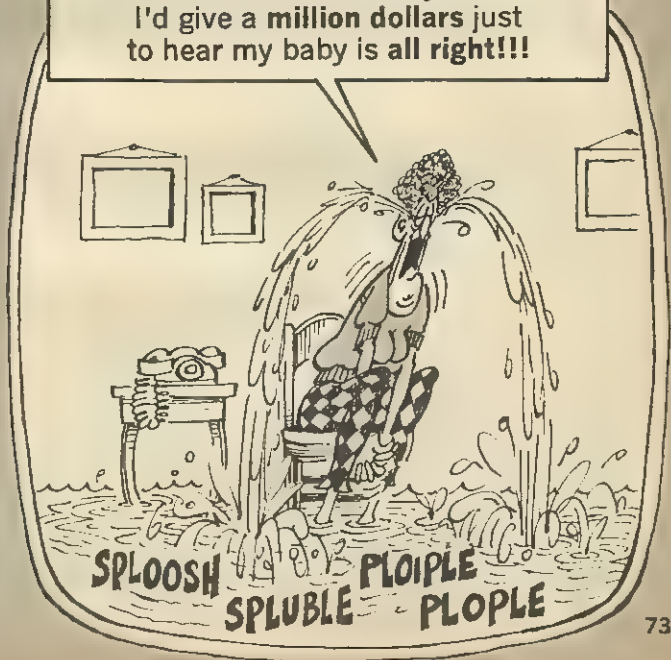


CHAPTER
SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN
OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

As you remember . . . Lydia Whitewasp has been sitting by her telephone for a week . . .

Oh, **why** did Cynthia run away? Where is she? Oh, if she would **only** call! If I could only hear her **voice**! Just a **few words**! Just to hear her say "Mother"! I'd give a **million dollars** just to hear my baby is **all right!!!**



BREENG



SHKLOOSH

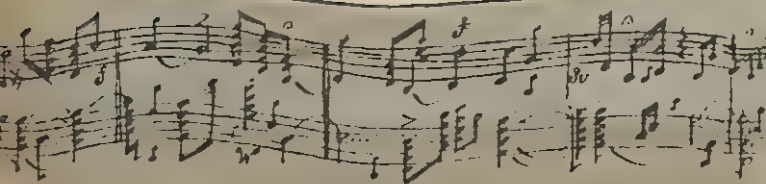
Hello?!? Hello?!? Hello?!?

This is the operator. I have
a collect call for "Mother"
from Cynthia . . .

FWAK



**COLLECT??!!!!?
FORGET IT!!!**



THE BIRD FEEDER AND HIS WIFE







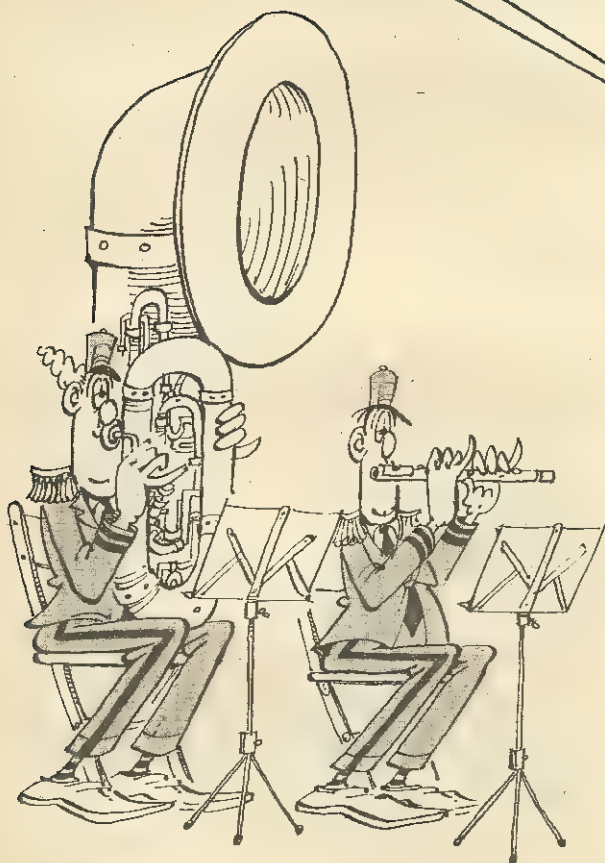


AT BAND PRACTICE

The tuba and flute were not together
on that E-flat! Let's try it again!



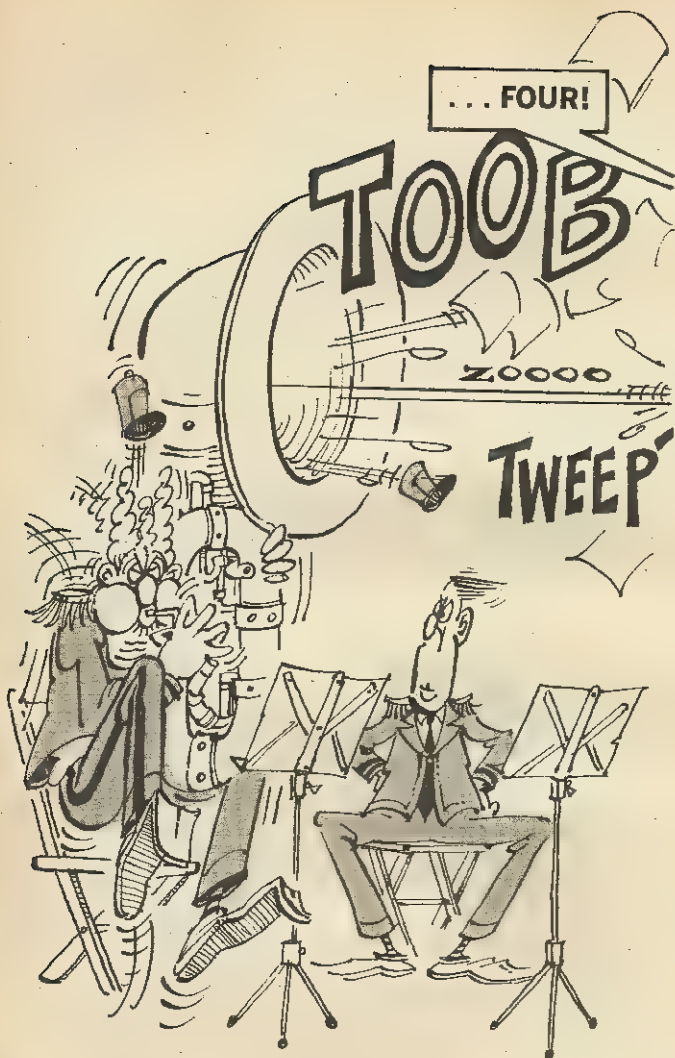
One . . . Two . . .



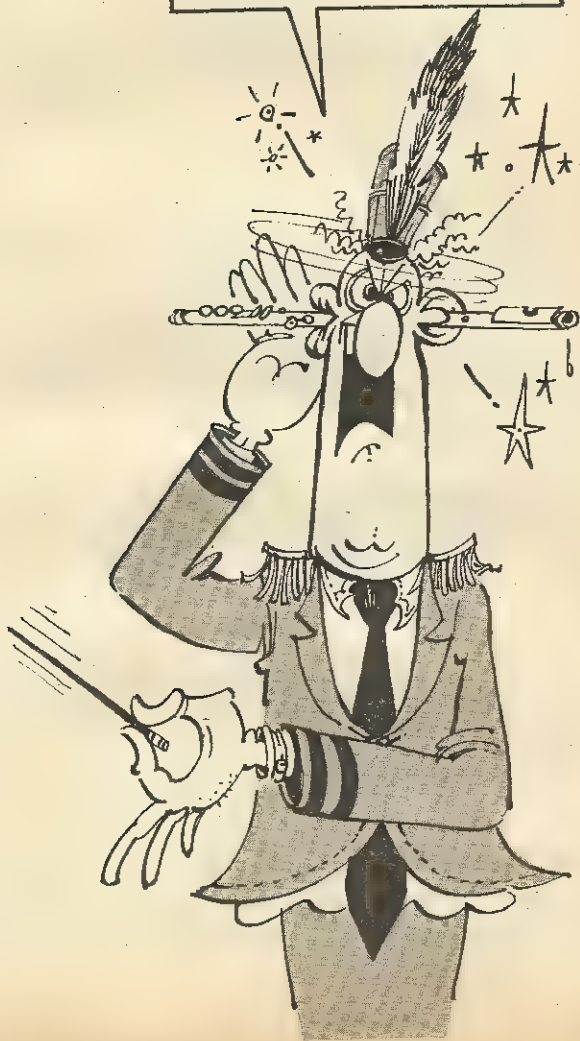
... Breath in and ...

IFFFFPFP

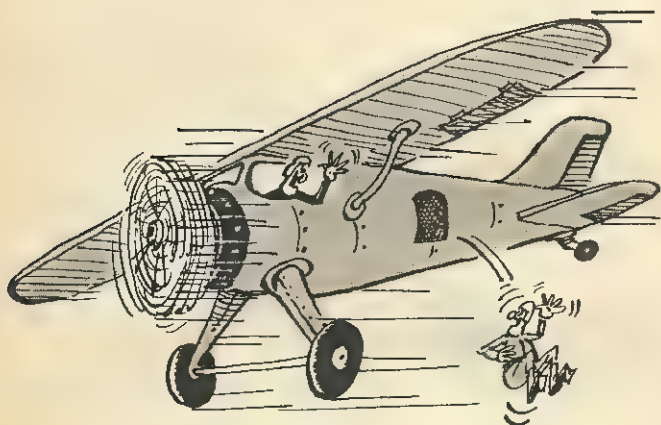


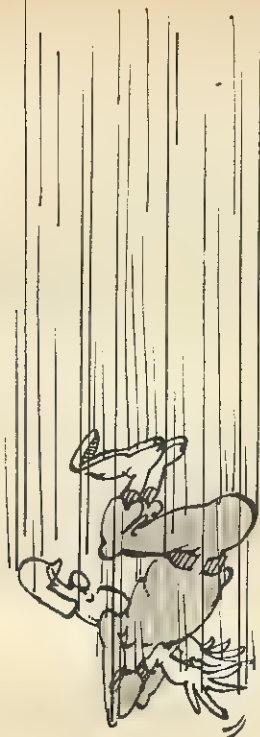


You were late again, Miller!
I could hear it distinctly!



THE PARACHUTE JUMP





... Keep turning and it gets even **tighter** ...

GING GING

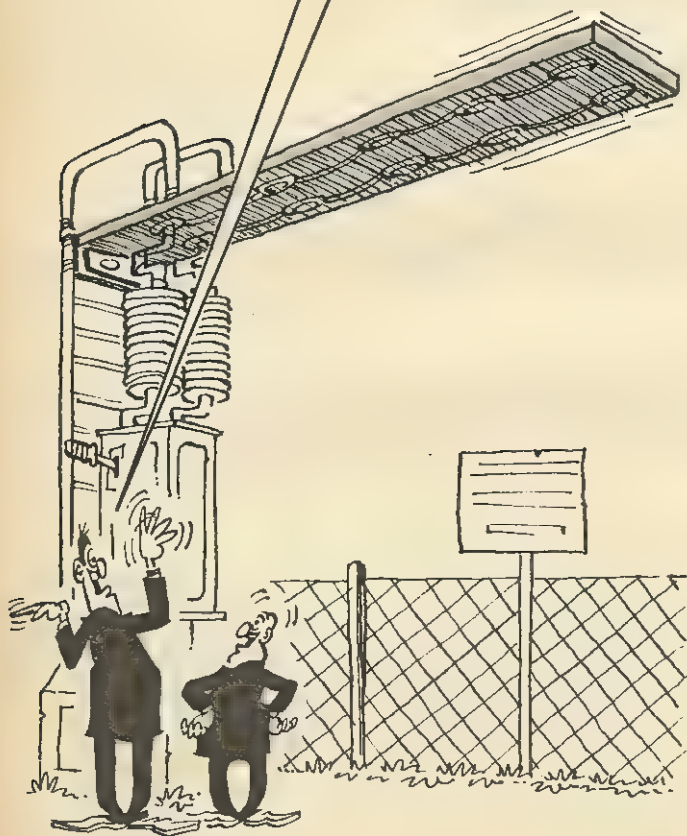


V
O
W
M



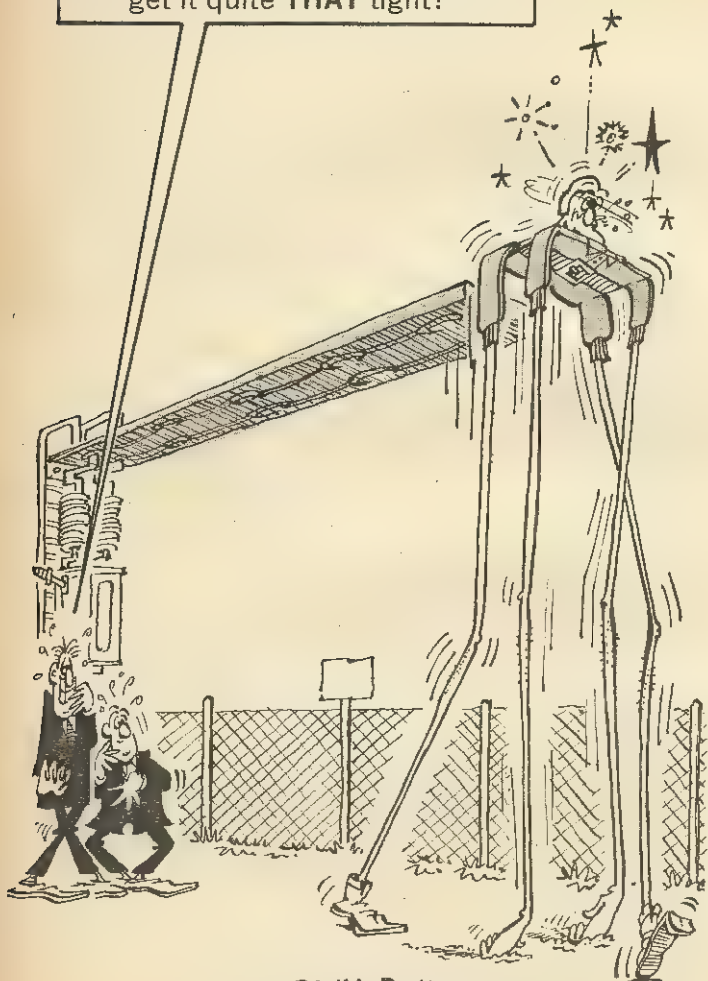
Turn some more and
it gets even **tighter yet!** . . .

GINK!





Of course, nobody would want to get it quite **THAT** tight!



DINK- DINK- DINK- DINK

CHAPTER
SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY TWO
OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

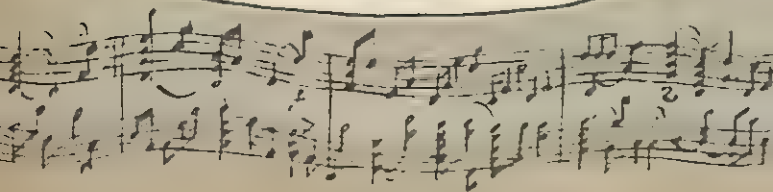
As we see Doctor Belch making his evening rounds at City Hospital . . .

Well, nurse . . . how are all my patients?

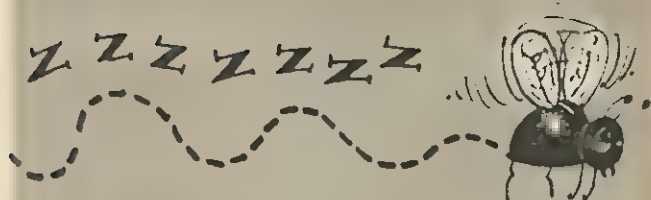
Well . . . Mrs. Freen got into the drug closet and swallowed everything in sight . . . Jane Finkle's baby has developed severe brain damage . . . Mr. Fonebone fell and broke his **other** hip . . . Mrs. Shpritz has completely lost her mind, and young Danny Plotz has been vomiting steadily all day!



Fine! I'm glad everything is going well . . . I'll look in again **next** week.



THE BEETLE









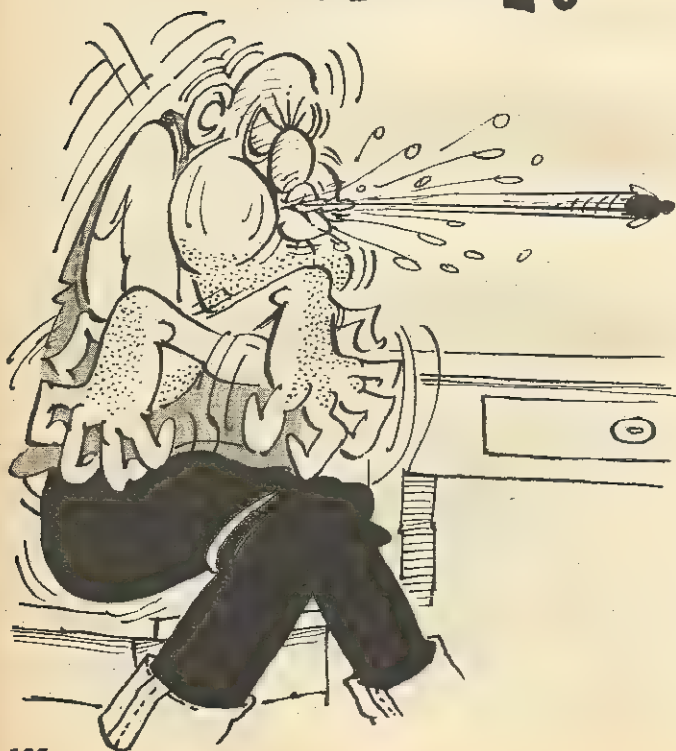


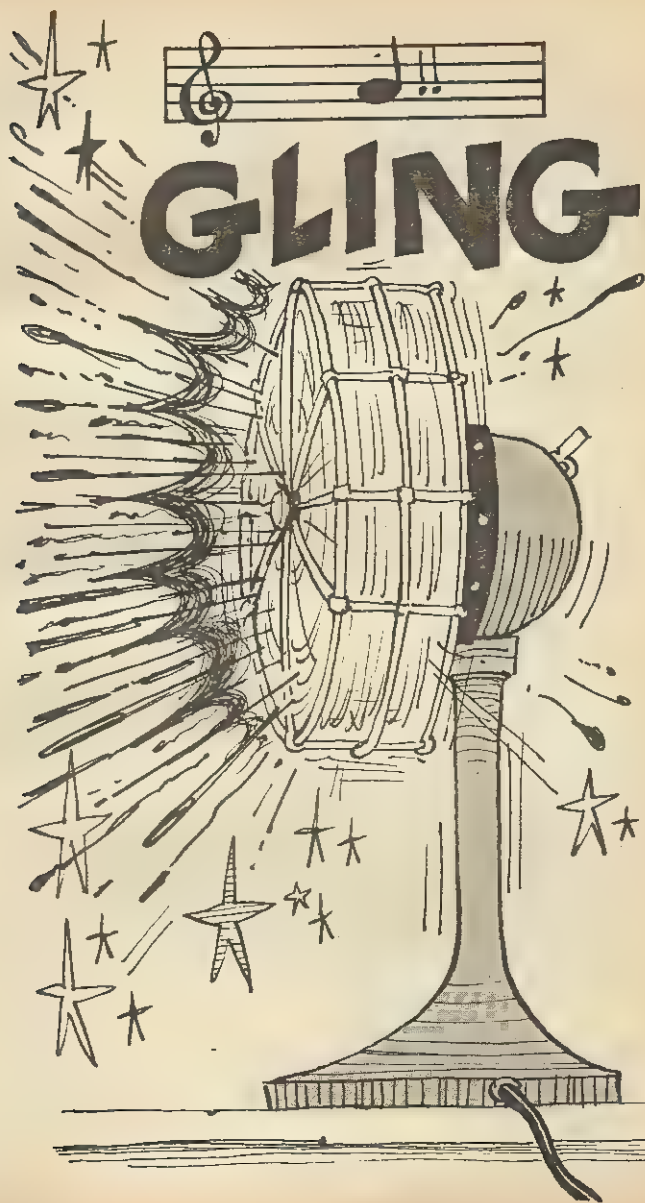
I'm through with the electric fan now,
dear. Here, I'll turn it on for you.





GAGGAK-
THOOOF!



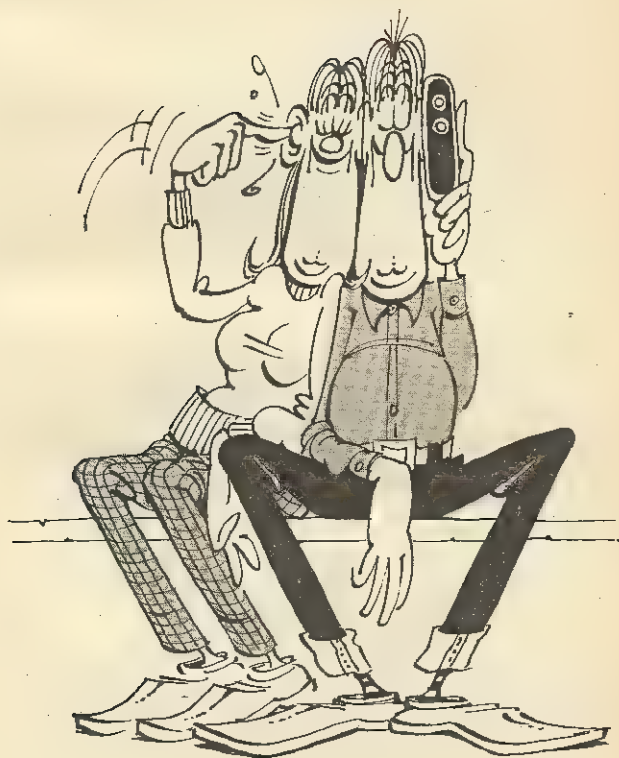


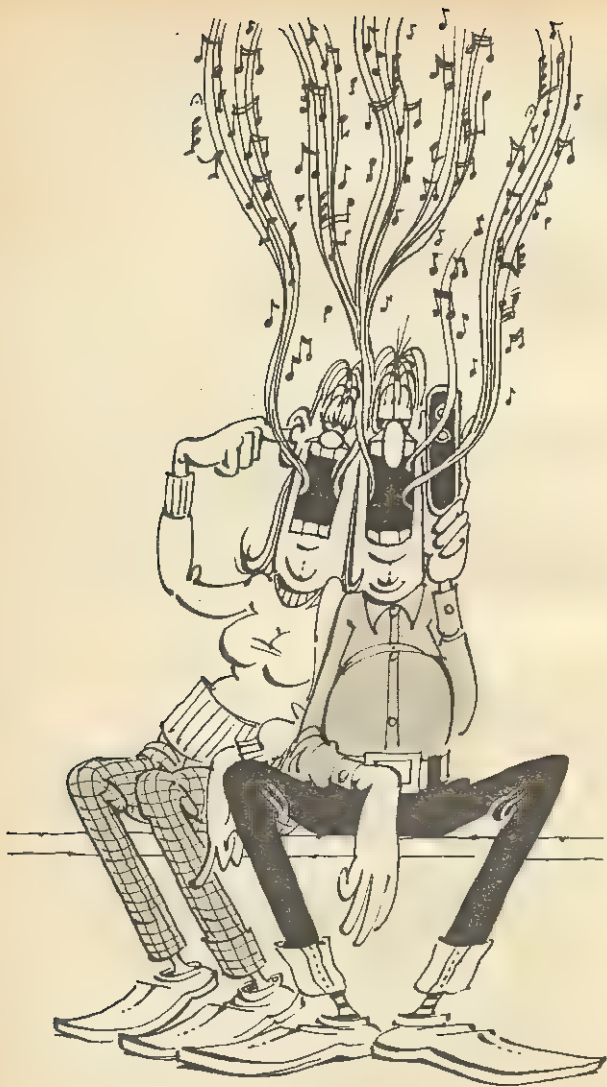


LISTENING IN









ART FREEN TIME

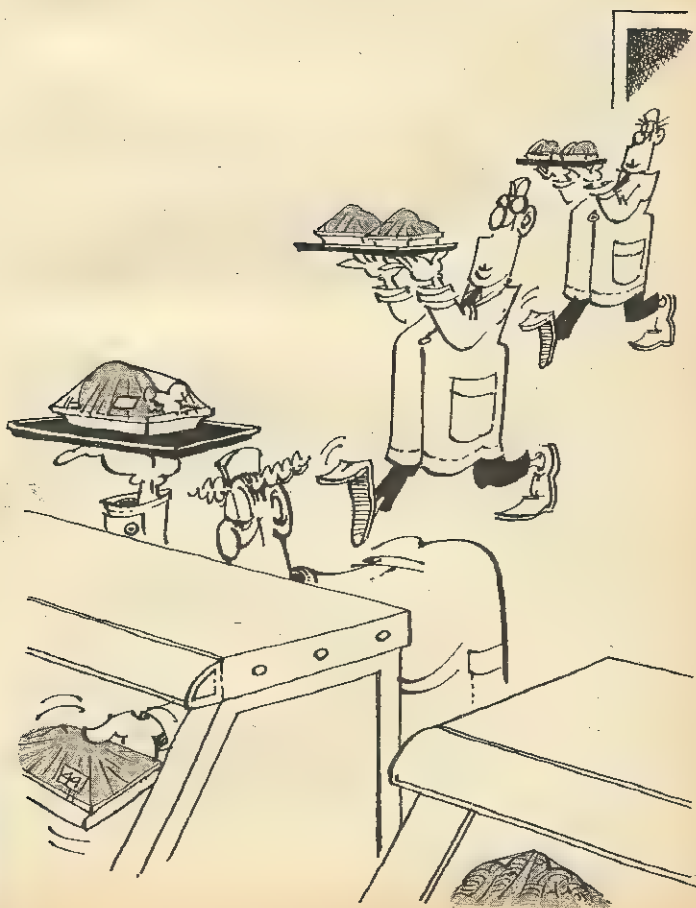
Hi, folks! This is Art Freen, in behalf of the United Meat Association, to show you exactly what happens to the meat from the time it is taken off our trucks till it is purchased by you to feed your hungry family.



As you can see, these huge hooks run on a conveyor belt from the trucks into the back of the store. The sides of meat are put on these hooks and carried to their first processing department called the "sectioning table".



And finally it is carried out to the counter on shiny sanitary trays where it is beautifully displayed for your shopping convenience.



Thank you very much . . . This
has been a public service.



THE CAVE PAINTER









Hmmmm...



You've achieved a good likeness, Og . . . but is it art?!!

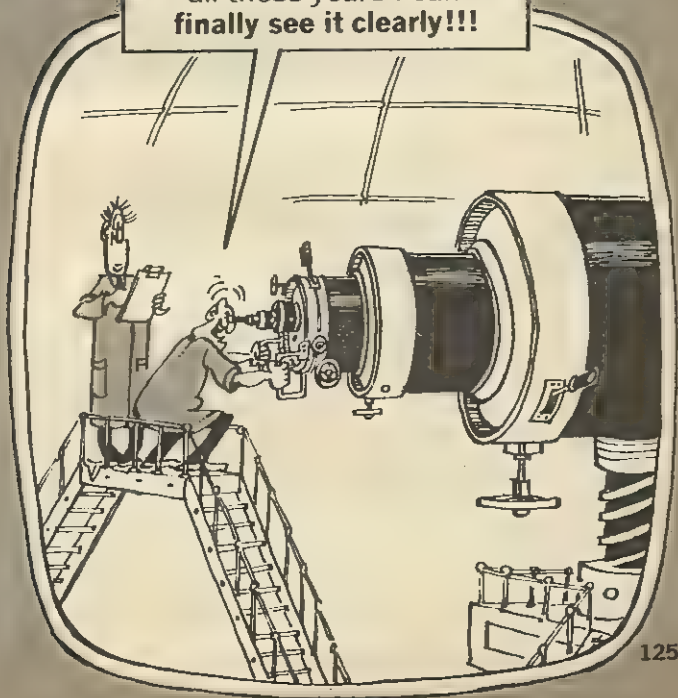


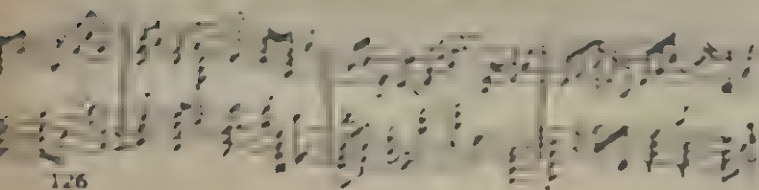
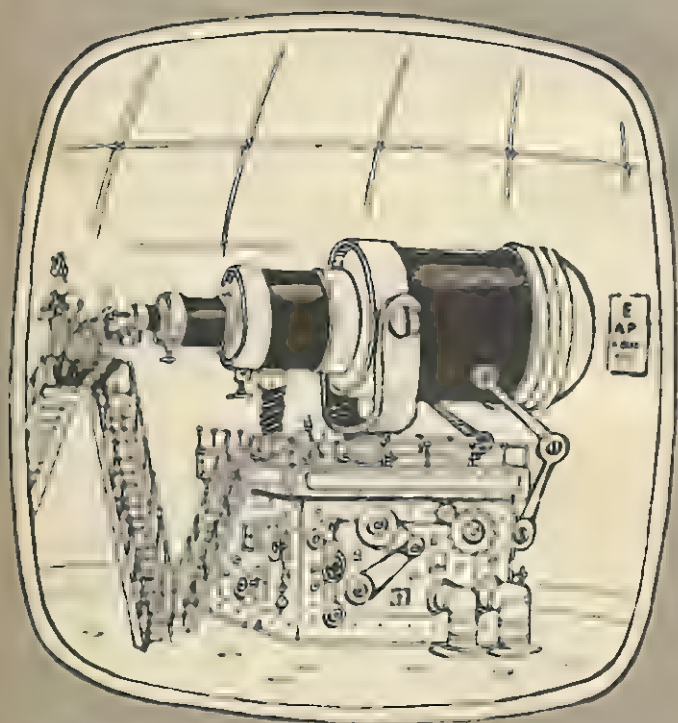
CHAPTER
SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVEN
OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

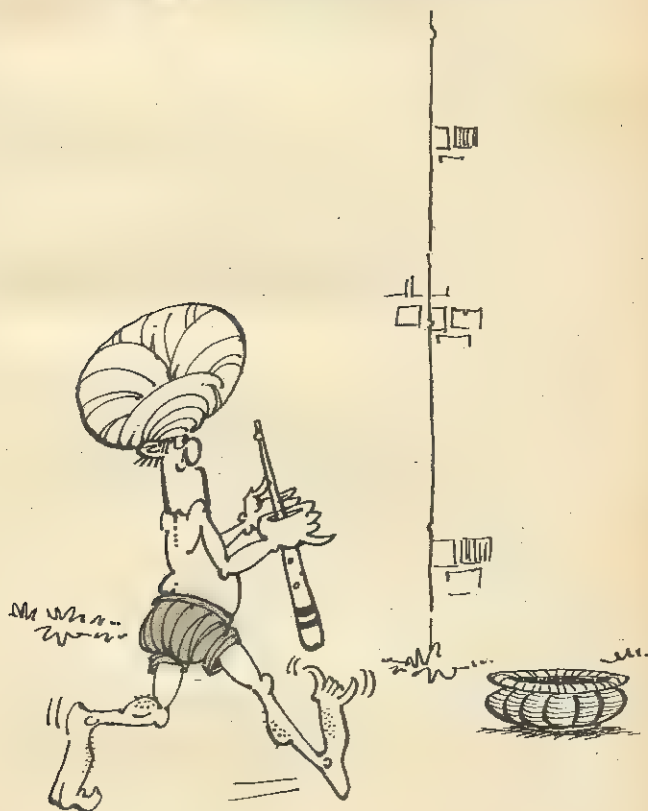
Meanwhile . . . in a small observatory on the outskirts of town . . .

By Golly . . . I see it !!! After
all these years I can
finally see it clearly!!!





ON A STREET CORNER IN BAGDAD



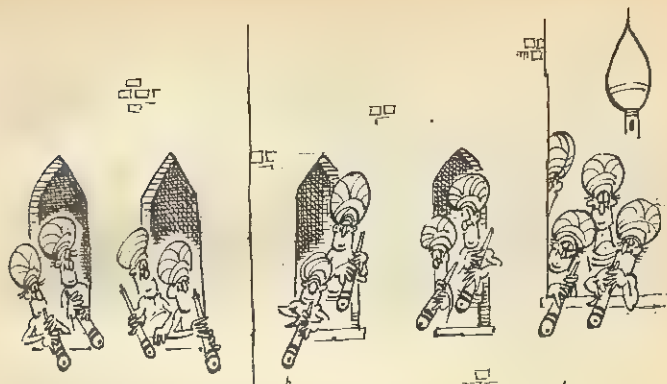






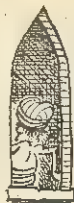
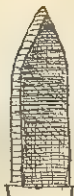








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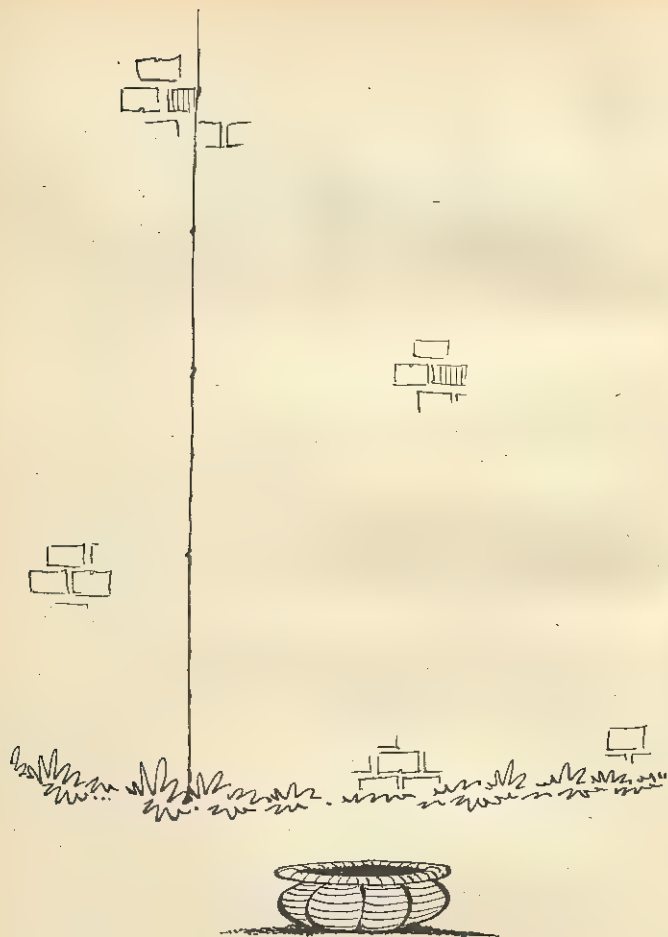


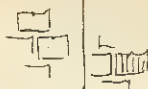
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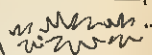
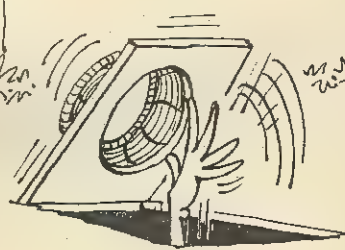
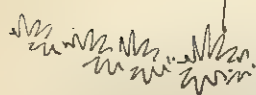
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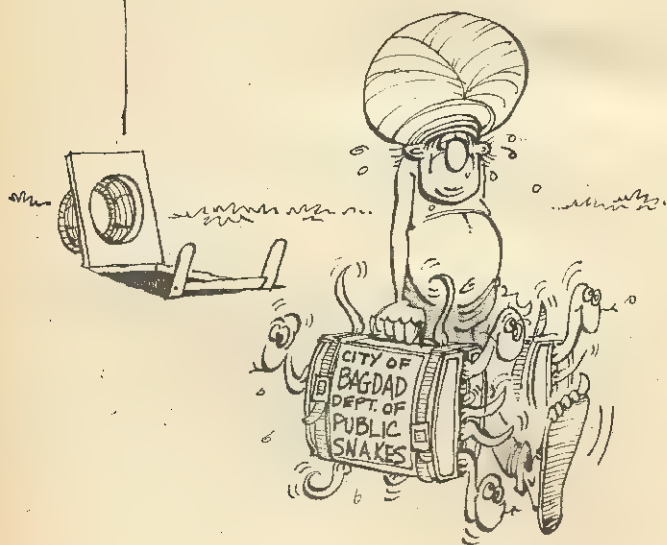




SKREEK



Whew! What a day!



THE NATIVE DANCES OF HAWAII

Aloha-Ikky-Oomoo! That is the way we speak to each other in Hawaii. But it is not the **only** way we speak to each other in Hawaii! We speak to each other when we **dance** in Hawaii! . . .



For example . . . If I
were to do this . . .

①



②





It would mean . . . "We are very glad you have come to our happy island and hope you stay many moons. Feast now and sleep with good dreams . . . we will meet again tomorrow."



But if I were to do **THIS** . . .

①



②





It would mean- "We are very glad you have come to our happy island and hope you stay many moons. Feast now and sleep with good dreams. we will meet again the day **AFTER** tomorrow."



④

CHAPTER
SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY THREE
OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

Let us see what has been happening in the office of Judge Trueblue . . .

Well? . . . What do **you** want, kid?!?

I need help!

You have to have **plenty of money** to get **my** help, kid!

Stop calling me **kid**! I have a **name** you know!

Sorry, **kid** . . . what is your name?

Kidd!

O.K. . . Now look here, **Kidd**!

That's better!



WAGON TRAIN

Your turn to stand watch, "Coonskin".

Yes, sir.



How come you send **him** out to stand watch? He can **hardly** see!

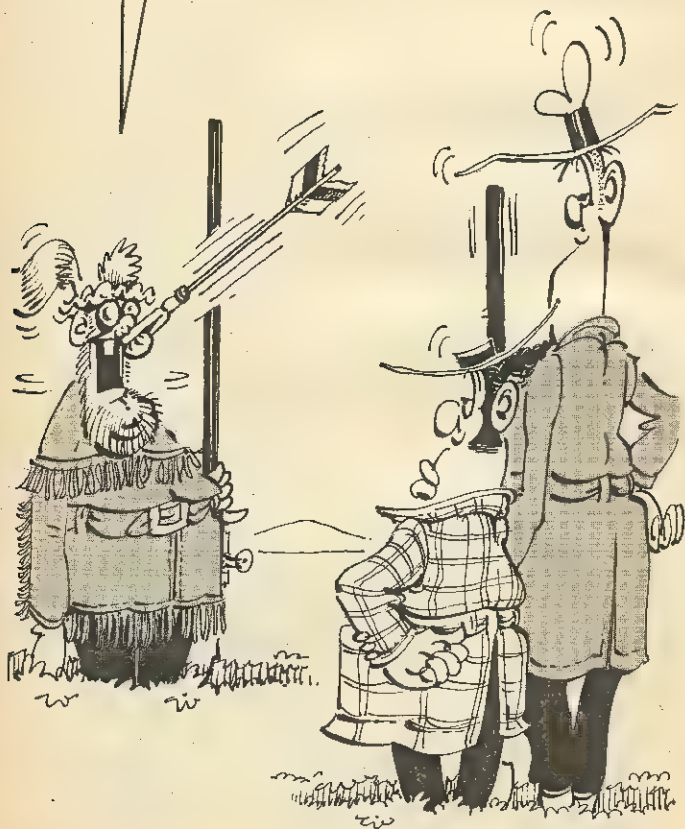
That old scout doesn't **have** to see . . . He can **smell!!!**
Why, he's been known to smell an approaching Indian from a **hundred yards** away!



How about it, "Coonskin" . . . Any
Indians out there tonight???



Doe, Suh . . . Doe Idiads todight!



CHAPTER
EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWELVE
OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

As we return once again to City Hospital and Doctor Belch as he prepares for surgery . . .

Scalpel . . .

But Doctor . . . I already gave you the scalpel! How do you think you put the mustard on your sandwich?!?



Well, hand me something **else** then!
By the way . . . Who is this man?

That's the rich playboy, Timothy
Farkquard! His family is **loaded**!



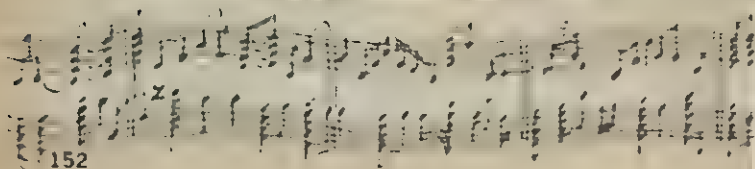
**URP-
TSTFOOF!**



I see the **kid's** pretty loaded too! Oh well . . . I'll do my famous **brain transplant!**

But he's here to have his **appendix** removed!

I removed an **appendix** yesterday! Do you think I want to get in a **rut**?!?



ONE DAY IN THE PARK



Shoo-be-doo!
Yeah, yeah! . . .



Bap-de-bow . . .
Yeass . . . yes! . . .



155

Mmm-Hmm! . . .
Zap . . . pow! . . .



No station, baby . . . This
is a **hearing aid!** . . .
shoo-boo . . . dah-be-dah! . . .



THE MASSAGE

Ahhh . . . Mmmm . . . That feels good! . . . Just a little more to the right . . .



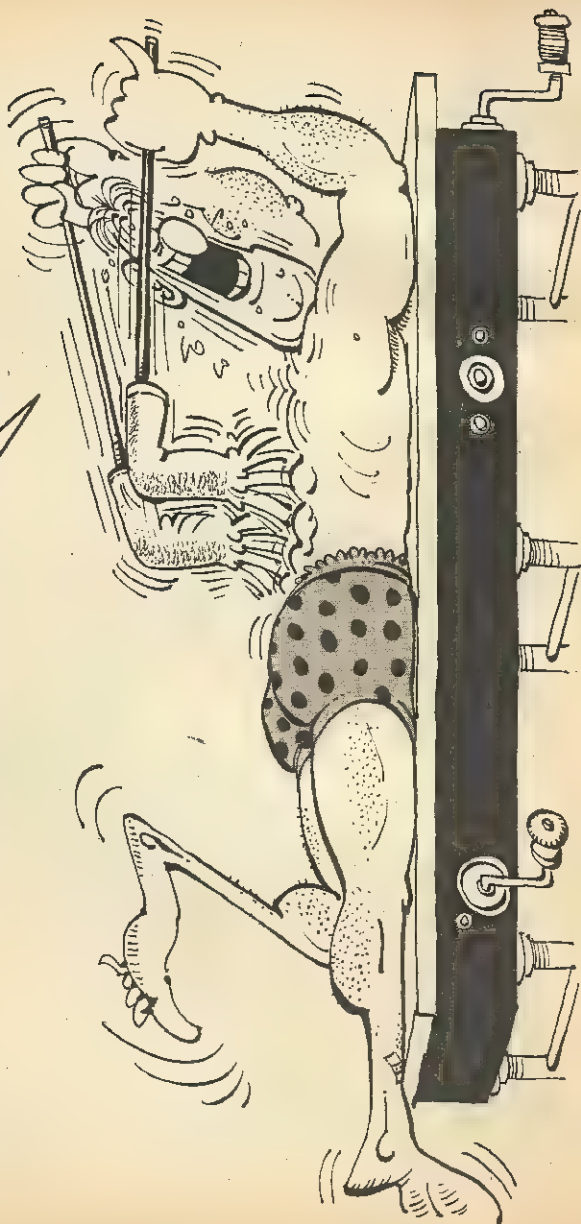
Ahh!... Ooh!... Now down just a little!...



THERE!!! THAT'S IT!!! Ahhh!!! Ohhh!!!



Ahhh!!! Oh Boy!!! Mmm!!! Yeah!!!



CHAPTER
NINE HUNDRED AND ELEVEN
OF...

LEAP INTO LIFE

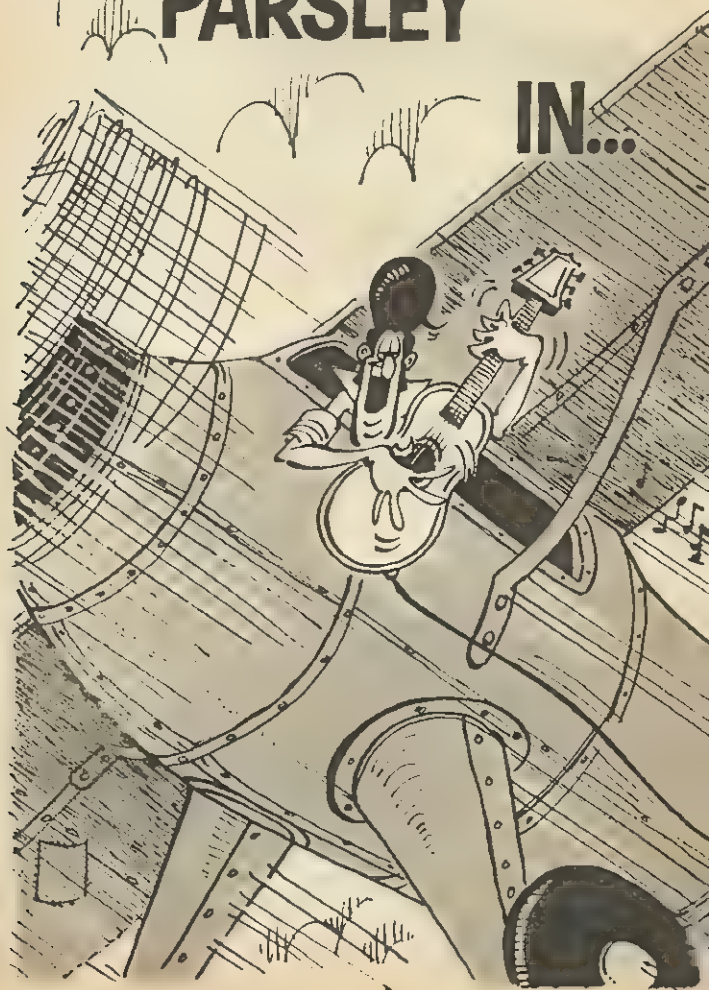
As you remember, Lola Pikpik has just phoned Juanita Vowmp . . .

I don't know what to do, Audrey . . .
I just can't talk to Charles! He's
acting like such a child! . . .



SHMELVIS PARSLEY

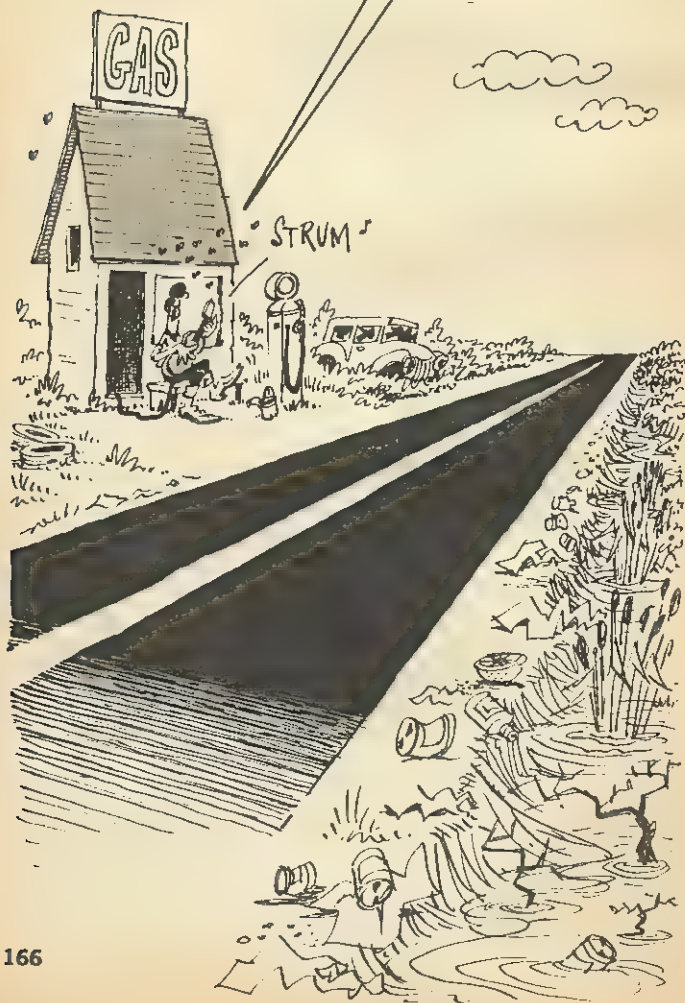
IN...





SINGING WINGS

Golly! It sure am lonely out here in
this ol' gas station



I'M LOSIN' MY MIND...YEAH...LOSIN' MY MIND...

WATCHIN' THE
TRUCKS ROLL
BY...GETTIN'
NOWHERE....

LOSIN' HIS
MIND..
GROOVIE-
LOSIN' HIS MIND
GROOVIE

GAS STATION BLUES

GROOVIE
GROOVIE

YEAH
YEAH!



WITH THOSE MEAN OL'

GAS STATION BLUES

JUST DRIFTIN' AROUND... AXLE
GREASE UNDER MY FINGERNAILS
AN' EMPTINESS IN MY HEART...

YEAH
YEAH...

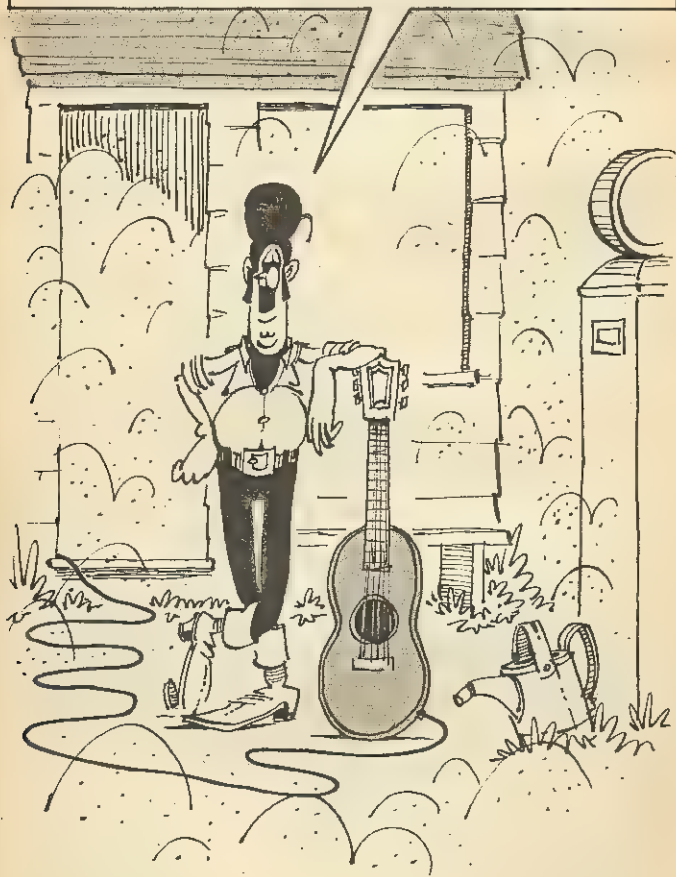
GOT THEM
**GAS STATION
BLUES**

JUST CHECKIN'
OIL AND-A-
SWATTIN'
FLIES...

oh me
oh my



Sheeks! I sure wish some rich guy in a big car would pull up here and offer me a big mail contract so I could make the overdue payments on my used airplane and go into business for myself and be my own boss!





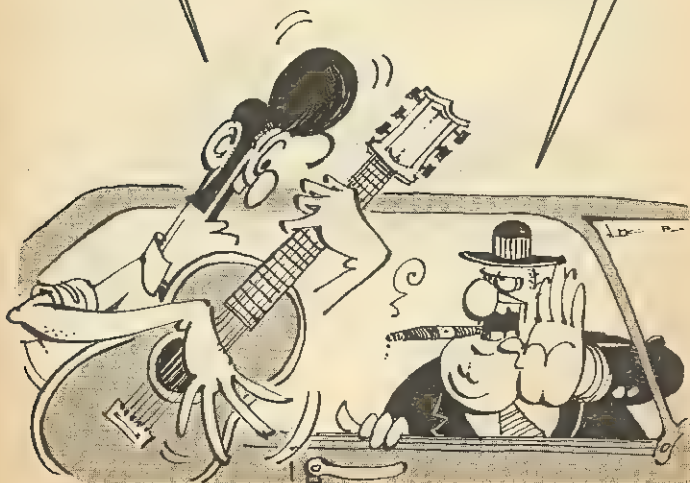
Hey kid!! Do you know where I can find a guy interested in accepting a **big mail contract** so he can make the **overdue payments** on his **used airplane** and **go into business** for himself and **be his own boss??!**

Wow!!! What is this, Mister . . . **ESP???**

No . . . It's actually a **Chevy**.

But aren't you Mr. **Parker**?
The big **pen** manufacturer???

No—I'm **Parker the Pig**
Pen manufacturer! "The Sties
The Limit" is **our** slogan!
Where's your plane?



There she is, Mr. Parker . . .
Ain't she a **beauty**???

WHAT!?! You expect me to trust my mail in a run-down crate like that???

That's just the trouble with you old folks . . . You don't trust us young folks!

Yeah, gee! . . . You never give us young folks a chance!

Yeah, that's right!

Yeah . . . Golly!

Yeah . . . **Jeekers!**

Yeah!



IF YOU OLD FOLKS WOULD TRUST
US YOUNG FOLKS... YEAH-YEAH
GROOVIE-GROOVIE



US YOUNG FOLKS CAN ACT LIKE OLD FOLKS :
CAUSE WE AIN'T NOTHIN' MORE THAN OLD FOLKS

THEN US YOUNG FOLKS COULD
SHOW YOU OLD FOLKS - YEAH...YEAH
GROOVIE GROOVIE

WE'RE JUST
YOUNGER IN AGE
YEAH POPS, YEAH...

IT'S OUR TURN TO CARRY THE BALL
BECAUSE WE KNOW WHERE IT'S AT
AN' TELL IT LIKE IT IS.

OLD GROOVIE GROOVIE
YOUNG GROOVIE GROOVIE

WHO ARE JUST YOUNGER IN AGE

Well, O.K. kid . . . Ya' got the job!
Take this **letter** to **California**!


But I haven't seen the **contract**!

You don't **have** to see it! It's just
your everyday, typical contract!
There's a clause that says you fly
in **rain storms**, and a clause that
says you fly in **snow storms** . . .

What about in **sand storms**?

I'm sorry, kid . . . but there
is **no sandy clause**.





Well there's a **storm** comin' on but I'll
get through 'cause I got a **job** to do . . .
My **motor's a-perkin'** and my wings are
a-itchin' and I'm finally gonna'
get to Californy!!!

You know? . . . I think
I hear **music!**

KIPUCKATA
SPOP
KIPUCKATA
SPOP

I'M ON MY WAY - DON'T CARE IF IT'S
STORMIN'... GOT THE STARS AND STRIPES
IN MY HEART AN' LIPSTICK ON
MY COLLAR... I GOT A JOB TO DO
YEAH, BABY... A JOB TO DO...



JOB... GROOVIE, GROOVIE...
DO... GROOVIE GROOVIE...




I'LL GET IT DONE
FOR ME AND
EVERYONE...

I'LL STICK TO MY WORD AN'
DO MY BEST NO MATTER WHAT THE
ODDS ARE...



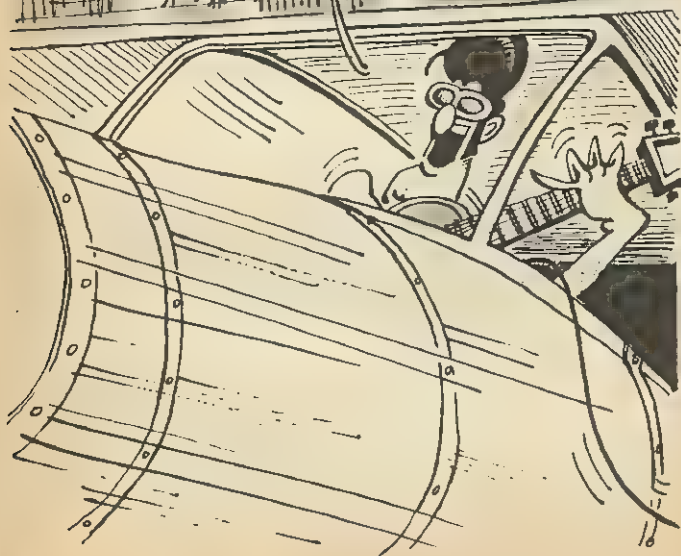
HIS BEST.
GROOVIE GROOVIE
ODDS. GROOVIE GROOVIE



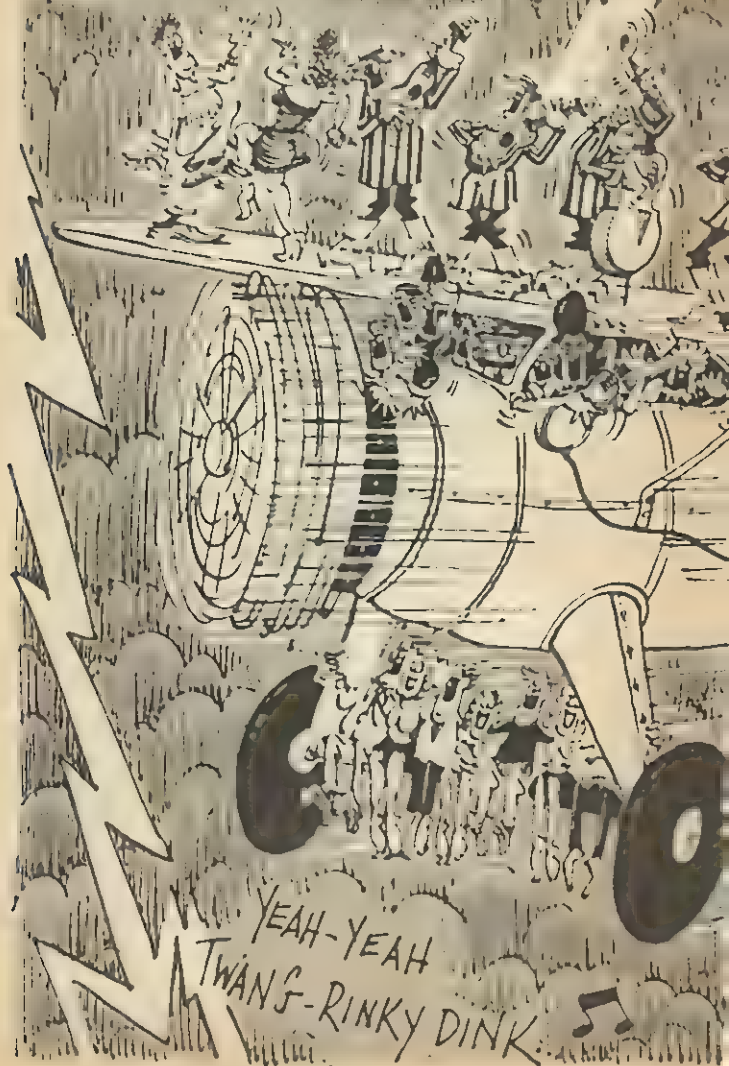
Goodbye, mister ... and don't worry about your letter

Goodbye ... Goodbye ...

AIN'T GOT NO WORRIES... I'LL GET
THROUGH THE STORM... I THINK OF
MY MOM AND I'M COOL, BABY, COOL...
I'M DOIN' THE **NO WORRIES ROCK**
NO WORRIES ROLL

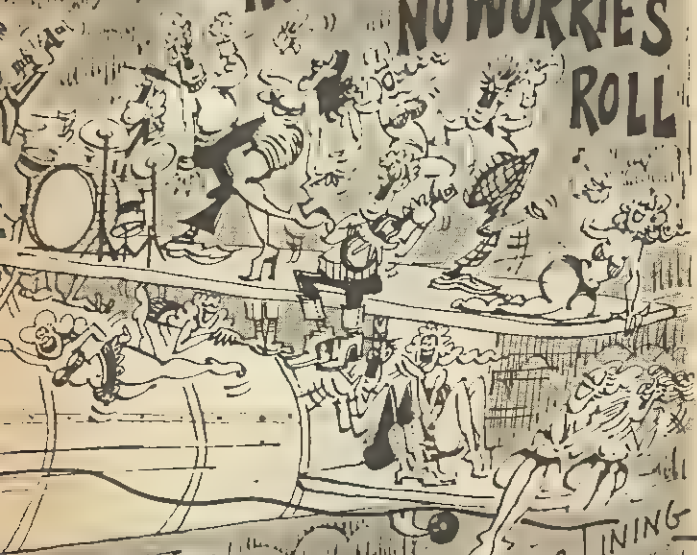


DON'T CARE ABOUT NO STORM
DON'T FIND NO CAUSE FOR ALARM...



YEAH-YEAH
TWANG-RINKY DINK

I JUST THINK OF MY MOM AN'
'M COOL, BABY, COOL ♪ DOIN' THE
NO WORRIES ROCK
NO WORRIES
ROLL



I KEEP MY EYE ON THE SILVER LINING
AND DO WHAT I GOTTA' DO... 'CAUSE I'M
DIGGIN' THE RED WHITE AND BLUE... ♪
THE NO WORRIES ROCK
THE NO CARES ROLL



CRASH!

RIK KI TIK KI - RIK KI TIK KI

Some "No Worries"! . . . My plane is wrecked,
my letter's not delivered to Californy,
and my arm is broken in four places!!!



Hey, Mac!!! Do you know where I can
buy a plane wreck for \$10,000???

SKREEEK

What? ... Oh ...
er ... ah ...

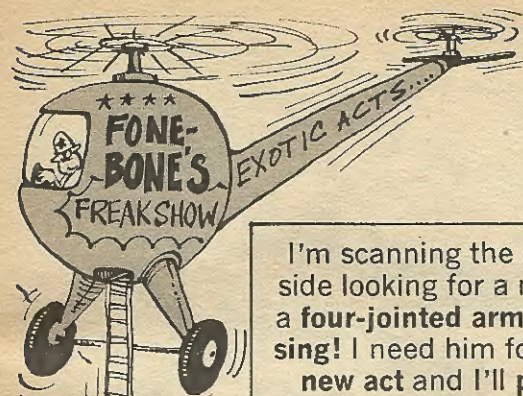


Hi, neighbors!!! My wife and I are on a good-will trip, traveling across the country delivering mail for folks who can't get to a post office. Do you have any letters you want delivered to Californy???



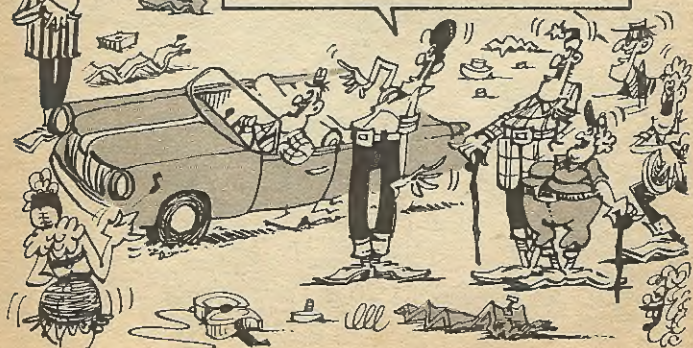
HELLO DOWN THERE!!! ...





I'm scanning the countryside looking for a man with a **four-jointed arm** who can **sing!** I need him for a **great new act** and I'll **pay any price!** Any of you guys know somebody like that???

er . . . ah . . . gee, Mister . . .
I don't mean to brag . . .
but . . . I mean . . . er . . .



So you see what I mean...
Work hard and keep clean

NO WORRIES ROCK
NO WORRIES
ROLL



JUST LOOK PAST LIFE'S DARK SHADOWS AND
DANCE AND SING BECAUSE EVERYTHING
GONNA' TURN OUT TO BE GREAT
AND BEAUTIFUL!!

YEAH-YEAH
GROOVIE, GROOVIE

NO WORRIES ROCK KEEP-YOUR-EYE-ON-THE-RAINBOW ROLL

LOOK TROUBLE IN THE EYE AND DON'T
GET TOO HIGH... DO THE
NO WORRIES ROCK
NO WORRIES ROLL

